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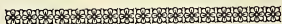
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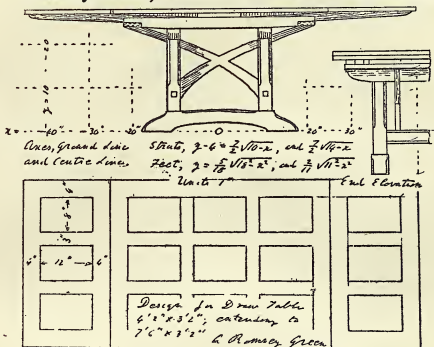
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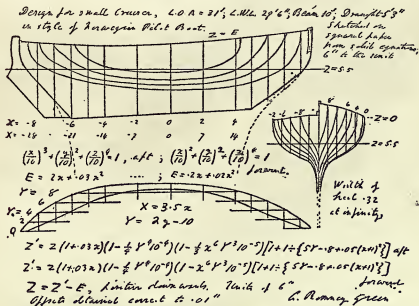
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1928

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"I am delighted to learn that the tide has turned in favour of a University of Wessex. I commend the work, and hope that all good fortune and success may attend it."—THOMAS HARDY.

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Foreword.



WHEN Thomas Hardy revived the ancient name of *Wessex* he revived a local patriotism, and he created something which was more than a local patriotism. The *Wessex* of the novels, the poems and *The Dynasts* exists as a geographical area, but it also exists as an intellectual and spiritual fact. Like Shelley's *Hellas* it is now

Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity ; . . .

The most important and also the most difficult task of humanity is to translate such intellectual and spiritual facts into terms of the world of flesh and blood and bricks and mortar. Some of us think that one valuable way of helping forward the realisation of the ideal Wessex will be the foundation of a University. We believe that the germ of such an institution exists in the present University College of Southampton. The aim of this publication is to aid the movement to turn that University College into the University of Wessex. It will publish annually contributions by members of the University College, and also by men and women of letters unconnected with it who are interested in the Wessex University Movement, as well as a section of University College news which will give information concerning aspects of the work actually being done at the University College that may be of interest to the public.

It is appropriate that the first number of *Wessex* should commemorate Thomas Hardy. In one of the most touching passages in *Jude the Obscure* he describes the University of the dreams of Jude, the poor country lad :

"It is a city of light," he said to himself.

"The tree of knowledge grows there." . . .

"It is a place where teachers of men spring from and go to."

"It is what you might call a castle, manned by scholarship and religion."

We all remember Jude's terrible disillusionment. The legacy of Hardy to Wessex should surely be the resolution to make provision that no such disillusionment shall await the Judes of the future, the boys and the girls with ardent and generous dreams.

The Editor of *Wessex* desires to thank all who have helped by contribution or otherwise in the production of the First Number, and to offer apologies to those whose contributions are being held

over for the Second Number on account of lack of space. He also desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. by whose kind permission the extracts from Thomas Hardy's works contained in this number are printed, and that of the proprietors of *The Times* who have kindly allowed the use of Mr. Carton's poem *In Westminster Abbey*, which appeared in their columns on January 17th, 1928.



The Wisdom of the World.

The wisdom of the world is this : to say " There is
No other wisdom but to gulp what time can give " . . .
To guard no inward vision winged with mysteries ;
To hear no voices haunt the hurrying hours we live ;
To keep no faith with ghostly friends ; never to know
Vigils of sorrow crowned when loveless passions fade . . .
From wisdom such as this to find my gloom I go
Companioned by those powers who keep me unafraid.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.



Letter written by Mrs. Thomas Hardy to the
Registrar of University College, Southampton.

(Printed by kind permission of Mrs. Hardy.)

Max Gate,
Dorchester,
Dorset,

8th February, 1928.

To the Registrar,
University College,
Southampton.

Dear Sir,

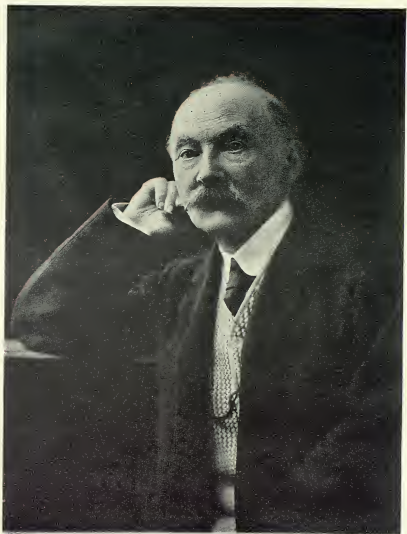
I beg you to convey to the President and Council of University College, Southampton, my grateful thanks for their sympathy with me in the loss of my husband.

As you so rightly say, he was deeply interested in the endeavours to establish the University of Wessex, and was much gratified by the proposal to found a "Thomas Hardy" Chair of Literature.

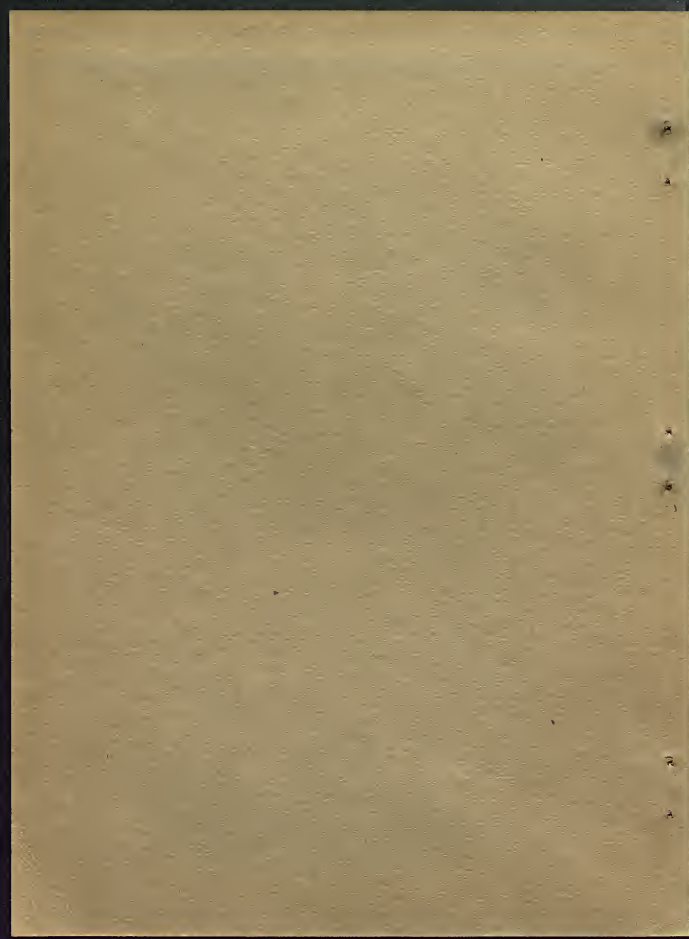
Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) FLORENCE HARDY.



Thomas Hardy.



In Westminster Abbey.

January 16th, 1928.

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Proprietors of "The Times.")


These are discarded garments ; put them by,
But not without the solemn, tolling bell
And not without the organ's mourning swell
For him who humbly wore them. Let them lie
With the shed raiment of his peers ;
After the toil of eight and eighty years
These are discarded garments ; put them by ;

These irk the aspiring spirit not again.
Freedom is his and the unfettered view,
The new sun shining upon all things new,
Beauty unguessed of heart, unwrit of pen.
Our shadowed moontides, fickle fair,
And our inheritance of mortal care,——
These irk the aspiring spirit not again.

These are the trophies gathered to his name,——
The heroic impulse under life's hard core,
Merit where men found only guilt before,
The badge of greatness hidden under shame,
New richness shed upon our tongue
The magic of our meadows newly sung,——
These are the trophies gathered to his name.

R. L. CARTON.

The Idea of a University.

“HAT does a university stand for ? ” It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to give a full answer to such a question. I have not the knowledge or the experience which would enable me to do so. Moreover, many good answers have been given already. I only want here, as my form of greeting to the new venture, *Wessex*, to offer a few suggestions which especially appeal to me. I am not sure, that many years ago, I did not say something of the same sort at a function of our University College. But if I did, I may be happily certain that those remarks are now comfortably buried and forgotten.

There is no absolute and complete jump in the passage from school to university. A boy and girl learn at school : they pass to the university, and, as a young man and a young woman, they continue to learn. The opening lectures at the college may not seem to differ greatly from the closing lessons at the school. Nor are the ideas about knowledge and truth which are specially appropriate to the university entirely absent from the school. And, on the other hand, it may be some while before those ideas are apprehended by the newcomers at the university, and by some they are never apprehended at all. To some the university is but a continuation school, with certain examinations at the end of the course. But to others the difference between the two—between the school and the university—will gradually become apparent, even though the links of just connection may also be realised.

A university stands, we should all agree, for a combination of teaching and of research : it exists in order to impart already acquired knowledge to others, and in order to increase knowledge, to add to the store. In no university can *every* branch of human knowledge be fully represented, taught and carried forward. But that is not a university in which a considerable number of such branches are not taught and carried forward. And why are they carried forward ? They are primarily carried forward for their own sake, and not for any ulterior end. Or, if there is an ulterior end, it is just this : to find out the truth, to make the mass of ascertained truth greater ; or again, it is this : to connect truth with truth and fact with fact ; or it is to make more clear the very nature of truth itself and the methods and rules by which we attain to it. Perhaps the immense complexity of knowledge to-day, and the enormous difficulties and perplexities which encompass the ultimate problems of existence, make the interdependence and hierarchy of the sciences

and the unity of truth less obvious and assured to us than they were to our mediaeval ancestors ; nevertheless, even for us, and even for a newcomer to the university, certain ideas—to my mind and thinking, grand and true ideas—about the university and its speciality may gradually emerge. He will perceive that he is in a place where knowledge is regarded as an end in itself, and where truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—is regarded as something which can be and should be sought, and which can be and should be served. He will perceive that he is in a place where nothing comes before truth, and nothing before its service and its development. Not wealth, not success, not the advancement of a party, not even the material prosperity of the nation—none of these and of many other ends, however worthy, however delectable, is the primary end here ; only knowledge and truth, in their augustness, and their austerity, in their proud solemnity. Knowledge has its uses and applications, science can add enormously to wealth ; knowledge can provide bread and butter and honour and success ; but at the university the votaries of knowledge and of truth do not think *primarily* of these things, however desired and desirable they may be : they pursue the quest for the sake of the quest and for the sake of the goal, while the goal lies both *in* the quest and in the quest's pure aim, the advancement and the attainment of truth. And here, at the university, each branch of knowledge respects the other : each branch has its own value and its own place, its own relation to the whole and to the parts ; the whole illumines the parts and sanctifies them. Truth and knowledge bind together the branches, and bind together their votaries and students in one devout and holy fellowship. For the service of truth is itself an aspect of religion.

Now if this fundamental idea of the university gets hold of the mind, or sinks into the mind, of any young man, even though he leave the university after three or four years, he has obtained something which may be of value to him all his life. He has seen, as it were, the concrete embodiment or presentation of the idea that knowledge and truth are desirable ends in themselves, and that they are to be sought in purity, in devotion, in sincerity, even in sacrifice. Whether the subject be Mathematics or Chemistry, or whether it be Logic or Psychology, or whether it be History or Political Economy—yet, be the subject what it may, and however great the difficulty, there must be no infringement of the Truth, no shrinking, no bartering, no compromise. So far as calmness and detachment and sincere devotion to Truth are concerned, the spirit of the mathematician must be the spirit of the historian and the economist : the professor of Moral Philosophy will be as far removed from passion

and bitterness as the professor of Chemistry or Conchology. And however removed, as it would seem, these subjects are from one another, the common spirit, the common service, unite all the men of research, and all the teachers and the seekers, with one another. One temple, one devotion, bind them together. Who is great at the university? Not the rich or the poor; not the high born or the low born. Nothing counts but wisdom, learning, sincere service to the one cause: the cause of knowledge and of truth.

For many reasons such conceptions and such facts seem to me of great importance at the present time. Outside the university there are other ideals: material prosperity, success, power, the advancement of sections, parties, localities, nations. There may be much to be said for one and for all. But there is something greater than all of these: Truth is greater; Beauty is greater; Righteousness is greater. The university has its relations with Beauty and Righteousness, in more ways than one. But I will not speak of these, nor of the valid inter-connection of these three greatnesses with one another, or with a Fourth which unites them all. Let the young man carry away with him from the university a devotion to truth, a recollection of certain material buildings, if you will, where a number of men are gathered together in the service—the humble, the austere, the passionate and passionless, service—of Truth. Such a one may all his life become less susceptible to one-sidedness and unfairness, prepossession and prejudice. I happen to write these lines the day after I heard a striking sermon on the dangers of mass suggestion to which such modern influences as the Press, the Cinema, or "Broadcasting" may make the men of to-day peculiarly liable. The preacher held that the only adequate resistant force for such dangers was religion. He may be right. But the influence of a university, which is greater and purer than the practise of any individual, may also be a remedy. It may also provide a resistant force. As the man who has left the University of Wessex reads the newspaper which represents the ideas of his political party—represents those ideas, perhaps, with power and attractiveness—as he reads the *Daily Herald* or the *Daily Mail* (please observe the alphabetical order), may he not be inclined, or, perhaps, not inclined, but compelled, to say to himself, "Is this fair, is this one-sided, is this prejudiced, is this true?"

And there is something more. At the university there is a union of classes. No man, as I have said, is great because he is of one class, or of one social stratum, rather than of another. Men of all classes meet together for a common purpose. They make friendships: they have delightful social intercourse. But that is another story. They serve one Mistress only: she is an exacting Mistress,

but a pure one; they serve Truth. And they serve her without bitterness, without hatreds. The devotion to truth may be fervid, but the fervour leaves no sting. Outside the university we find sectional bitteresses and suspicions and hatreds. I do not say that for many of these there are not excuses and explanations. Underdogs have been evilly treated in the past; when underdogs become top-dogs, is it wonderful that they sometimes show their teeth? And so on. But whatever the excuses and explanations, the facts remain. Bitterness and prejudice; exaggeration, perversion and hatred: these are not the faults of any one party; they are more or less the faults of all parties. And they are so easily pandered to; it is even so useful to pander to them. Thus class warfare becomes accentuated by those who should know better, but who yield to the strong temptation. I have a hope that the spread of education, of the university spirit, of the comradeships there made, of the ideals there acquired, may do something to make men stronger to resist these temptations, strong enough to become good party men, if "parties" must still continue, without bitterness and hatred, and perhaps even with a regard for knowledge, for enlightenment and for truth.

If *Wessex* can do something to promote this university ideal, as well as to help forward the speedy establishment of that Wessex University which we all so greatly desire, it will, indeed, justify its existence and its place. I wish it all possible success.

C. G. MONTEFIORE.



Nel Mezzo del Cammin . . .

I started out at dawn, when earliest birds were singing,
 And the untrodden dew lay on the meadow floor,
 Drunk with the radiance that the sun began to pour
 Through the dissolving mists: rapture of skylarks winging
 In heaven's high purity, music in my heart was ringing
 As I strode on towards the dark wood that before
 Me lay; I saw the lightning, and I heard the roar
 Of a great wind that set the boughs above me swinging.

The storm has passed; the wind has fallen; all is still
 In the hard light of noon, but still there live in me
 The golden mists of dawn, the music and the fire,
 And with them I shall build the city of my desire,
 Change these hard clods to towers of diamond, and fill
 The shining streets with shapes of immortality.

V. de S. P.



Looking Backward and Forward.



IN mediaeval England when the industry of the country was organised by the Crafts Guilds, there were the definite stages of progression for those entering on an industrial career. The boy began as an apprentice, and having served his time was admitted to the full rights of a journeyman of the Guild, a man who was employed by others by the day as his description suggests. Finally he could look forward to becoming a Master of the Guild and in full command of his own destiny.

This can be taken as an analogy of the growth of Universities. The apprenticeship must be served in the shape of some small institution or college which aspires to do better work, such as Owen's College in Manchester, Firth College in Sheffield or Mason's College in Birmingham. The college or institute by degrees increases its efficiency, until it is recognised as a university college by the Government Grants Committee. As a university college it is in the position of journeyman, one who is doing responsible work, but yet is not master in his own house. The final stage comes when the University Charter is received. The erstwhile apprentice then becomes the master workman, who is able to make his plans without the interference

of others, and can serve the community in a way that was quite impossible when he had merely to carry out the schemes drawn up by others. Many do not realise the real value of university independence, and would think that a University College, which is doing university work, can do just as well as a university granting its own degrees; but this is far from being the case. It is not merely a question of status. There lies behind the far bigger question of efficiency. A university by being able to plan its own course can serve the community amongst which it is situated in a way that no university college, working on courses laid down by others, can possibly do. A university, too, can spread its influence far and wide in the district which it serves in the way that no university college can.

It is towards the goal of an independent university that the many friends of University College, Southampton, are now working. This college has passed through the days of apprenticeship like the apprentices of old. It has had many struggles, many disappointments and not a few set-backs, but it has persevered and has attained to the position of journeyman, and, as a journeyman, it has been improving its work steadily for some years past. It now feels that before it lies the final stage of its life as a journeyman as the prelude to a still more successful career as a master workman. The struggles of the past are now a matter of history. The achievements of the present may, however, be worth recording. During the last five years the College has increased the efficiency of its university work very considerably. It has secured honours degrees for no less than 138 students, apart from the large numbers of those who have secured pass degrees, diplomas and other academic distinctions. In addition to this Research work has increased most markedly, and in every department of studies a steady contribution to the world's knowledge is being made. During that time the academic staff has been strengthened, too. Its halls of residence have been improved and enlarged and can now accommodate 220 students. It has built new laboratories and in many ways improved the facilities of its students. It has, for instance, now achieved the ideal of seminar libraries, a room in each of the departments of study where students have easy access to the books of immediate importance and learn that most important lesson of working for themselves under guidance. Outside academic studies the new Sports Ground has been developed and gives greater facilities for athletic recreation.

Two important steps now lie before us. In the first place it is essential that University College should be finally stabilised by greater endowment and more buildings. It is not always realised that a great deal of the most important work is still carried on in

army huts, that for instance in such a hut there exists one of the most up-to-date geographical laboratories in any university institution in this country. But huts will not live for ever, and so a building programme will have to be carried through steadily and persistently. On the other hand greater endowment is needed for the expansion of the work, the development of the departments, the intensifying of research and the development of Extra-Mural activities which will carry the ideas of university teaching to all parts of the district which the College serves. To achieve this and to make the work of University College even more effective than it is at present, to reach the stage of stabilisation as I have called it, there is need for increased endowment to the amount of £120,000, and besides this a sum of £150,000 is needed for buildings. When this has been accomplished the final stage should be perhaps the easiest of all. The days of apprenticeship are the most difficult, the days of the journeyman are the most arduous, the days of the master workman are the most responsible, and the step from the arduous position of the University College to the still more responsible position of the University, though difficult, is insured by the successes of the past. To be able to achieve this final goal a yet further sum of £120,000 for endowments and £110,000 for buildings is required, so that ultimately, in addition to the existing endowments and existing buildings, there is need of the sum of half a million pounds.

The signs of the times are most propitious. During recent years there has been a very great change in public opinion in the Wessex district with regard to university studies; that which five years ago was considered a dream is now considered a necessity. More and more people are working for a centralised university to express the intellectual, social and economic ideas of this growing part of England. It is the ambition of the College to become something even greater. It is a growing desire in the district that a university should crown its intellectual life. The time has now come to call all those of good-will to band themselves together in the cause of university education in Wessex.

Recently some friends of the College have conceived the idea of gathering together all those who believe in university education and university ideals into a band of crusaders who will adhere to the cause, and show that they are ready to further the interests of the College. This society describes itself as the "Friends of University College, Southampton." These friends ask for no rewards; they ask for no privileges; merely by their association they declare their belief in the work which the College is doing, and their support for its ambitions for the future. They undertake to pay five shillings

The Friends of University College, Southampton.

I apply for enrolment among "The Friends of University College, Southampton," and undertake:

1. To do all that I can to further the cause of university education in Wessex.
2. To interest other people in the work and aims of University College, Southampton.
3. To pay annually a fee of 5/- as a token of membership.

To MRS. CLARENCE SMITH,
"Breydon,"
Oakmount Avenue,
Southampton.

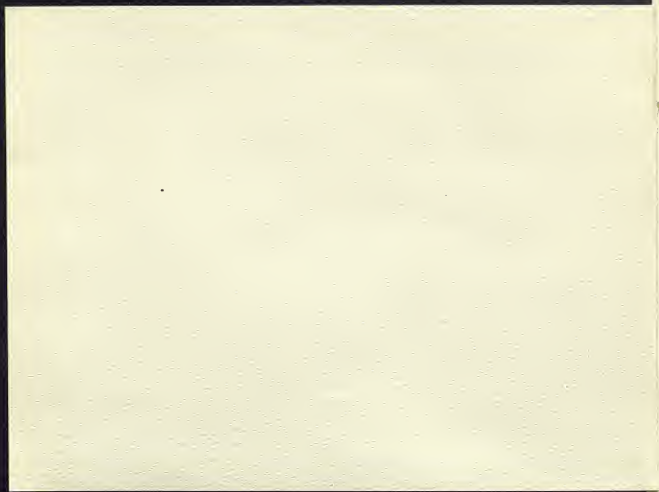
P.O. for 5/- enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

.....



annually as a token of membership ; the proceeds to be used for any purpose ; connected with the College, which they may approve at their annual meeting, and to propagate the university idea among all Wessex people. University College is very grateful to the originators of this movement. It welcomes this spontaneous effort in the cause which it represents. May I be allowed to commend the work of the " Friends of University College, Southampton " to all who read this journal, and to ask them to join this association which will strengthen the College, not only because of the money thus secured for much needed development, but because it will prove yet further the wide support which University studies are receiving in the great and scattered district of Wessex.

K. H. VICKERS.



Thomas Hardy.

His heart in Wessex lies ; and there
The people of his mind,
That almost breathe our common air,
You shall forever find.

Familiar kindly ghosts shall go
By Dorset lanes and downs
To those lost villages we know,
To little ancient towns—

So small, so old, they hardly seem
To live in this our age ;
Not more substantial than the dream
Born of his magic page—

So it may be that you will meet
A grave or merry shade,
And in a word unspoken greet,
And pass by, unafraid.

SIGMA.

Thomas Hardy.

(*An Address to the Southampton Branch of the English Association,*
February 17th, 1928)



IN Thomas Hardy England has lost her greatest modern man of letters, and Wessex one of the greatest of her sons. Indeed, the very revival of the ancient name of Wessex and the accompanying revival of local patriotism are probably due to his works. For many years now this simple, unpretending old gentleman has been regarded by all who care for English poetry with an affectionate reverence which can only be compared to the esteem in which Chaucer, Spenser and Dryden were held by their younger contemporaries. We have been proud to acknowledge his right to our intellectual throne, because in him and in his work we have seen a symbol of what we would fain regard as the real England, the noble England of Shakespeare, of Milton and of Wordsworth, enduring in spite of the froth and scum of a world of silly sensationalism and cheap advertisement. We have been able to refute those who have spoke of the degeneracy of modern letters by pointing to the raciness, the vividness and the tragic splendour of the great novels, to the monumental architecture of *The Dynasts*, and to the intellectual and imaginative power of the poems. Hardy gave us an unanswerable rejoinder to those who charge modern English literature with lack of form and substance. In a noble tribute to his great contemporary, Anatole France, he spoke of that author as one "who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force and the emphasis of understatement, even in his lighter works." The same words might well be applied to Hardy himself. His works are not only classics but English classics. He has shown that from purely English materials a fabric of art can be reared which need not fear comparison with the masterpieces of any modern nation.

The writer of an obituary notice in the Press referred to Hardy as "the last of the great Victorians." There is a certain amount of truth in this description, but it is only half of the truth. Like Milton and Wordsworth Hardy was at once the last of a great line and the prophet and inspirer of a new world. He was the last great novelist of the nineteenth century and the first great poet of the twentieth. His works fall roughly into two great divisions, which, although they are closely linked together, nevertheless belong to two different ages. There is a great body of prose that belongs entirely to the nineteenth century, and a great body of verse which belongs entirely in spirit

and mostly in point of time to the twentieth. Regarded superficially his eighteen volumes of prose fiction published between 1871 and 1897 are of the same family as the works of other late Victorian novelists, such as George Eliot, George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson. But closer study shows that the qualities that constitute the chief attraction of Hardy's novels are not exactly the qualities which belong essentially to the novelist's craft. They may be summed up briefly as a remarkably profound and loving knowledge of the landscape, the inhabitants and the history of a certain part of England, a tragic philosophy which sees man as a being who is struggling heroically but ineffectually against a blind non-moral destiny that is quite careless of his fate, an ardent pity for the sufferings of men and women mingled with an intense admiration of their heroism and spiritual beauty, and an ironic perception of the incongruity between their aspirations and their actual condition. These qualities are not exactly the qualities of a great novelist. They are the qualities of a great poet. Hardy's novels have great merits as narratives and as studies of character, but these merits do not hold the same notable place that they hold, for example, in the works of a Jane Austen or of a Dickens. The lovers of Hardy's novels value them for qualities which are essentially poetic qualities. What they remember and cherish are the great lyrical and contemplative passages: *Gabriel Oak*, the shepherd, tending his flock by starlight in *Far from the Madding Crowd*; the meetings of *Tess* and *Angel Clare* in the beauty of the summer dawns in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; the descriptions of *Egdon Heath* and its tragic queen, *Eustacia Vye*, in *The Return of the Native*; and *Marty South's* great lament at the end of *The Woodlanders*. These passages are poetry in every respect, except the unimportant one that they are not in metrical form; and they are poetry of a very rare kind. Like Shakespeare and like Homer Hardy has the power of giving a universal quality to things which are intensely local. His *Casterbridge* and his *Mellstock* are akin to *Troy* and to *Gadshill*. It is in this respect that his work differs from "local" literature of what has been described as the kailyard school, although it is to be found in many other parts of modern Europe besides Scotland. *Gabriel Oak* is not only a typical Dorset man in a Dorset setting, he is the eternal Shepherd under the eternal Stars; and *Michael Henchard* is not only the Mayor of *Casterbridge*, he is also a tragic hero of the race of *Oedipus* and of *Lear*. No other modern author has succeeded so admirably in the supremely difficult task of reconciling the virtue of homeliness with those of beauty and dignity. It is a great achievement to portray a kingly ruler; it is a rarer and still more notable feat to portray a kingly peasant.

Hardy, then, was a poet from the beginning, and only a novelist through the accident of being born into an age when the novel was the only fashionable and lucrative literary form. He had written verse from his youth onward, but his first volume of poems was not published until 1898, two years after the appearance of the last of his great novels, *Jude the Obscure*. He was then fifty-eight, and I suppose that *Wessex Poems* appeared to most of his readers to represent the diversions of a great artist in prose who amused himself by experimenting in another medium. Such a view would, however, have been singularly mistaken. *Wessex Poems* was to be the forerunner of a long series of volumes of verse extending over a quarter of a century which have given their author a secure place among the major English poets. His most imposing single work in verse is his great epic drama, *The Dynasts*, in which he embodies in a series of wonderfully vivid scenes the agony of Europe during the Napoleonic wars from Trafalgar to Waterloo, and gives artistic and philosophic unity to this vast theme by means of a grand invention of symbolical and superhuman onlookers, who reveal the inner meaning of the drama in a series of noble lyrical interludes. *The Dynasts* is the supreme achievement of modern English poetry. It triumphantly solves the difficulty with which all the great poets of the nineteenth century struggled unsuccessfully, the difficulty of writing a poem on a grand scale, which is moving and profound without being too remote from contemporary life. The only thing comparable to it in English literature is the historical epic found in Shakespeare's chronicle plays, and, as in Shakespeare's epic, not the least merit of *The Dynasts* is to be found in the comic scenes of English country life. The reader is made to feel the pathos and humour of the Wessex peasants who were hourly expecting *Boney*, and who burnt the Corsican ogre in effigy on their village greens, or the poor Bristol lads who took part in the retreat from Corunna as intensely as he is made to realise the tragedy and the farce of the Imperial Court and the General Staff. *The Dynasts* is a great lesson in humanity; it is also a prophecy. Future historians of literature will be puzzled by the fact that it was written before, and not after, the Great War of 1914-18. It anticipates exactly the mental attitude which was produced all over Europe by that conflict. When the great poet of the future comes to deal with that stupendous event, he will surely find his only possible model in Hardy's epic drama.

Hardy's shorter poems represent for the most part a protest against romance and against sentimentalism, the caricature of romance. Romance seeks to escape from life. Hardy and the school of modern poets which he has inspired seek to interpret it. Tragedy, pity and

irony are his three great themes. Tragedy or the disastrous clash between things that are in themselves admirable is to be found chiefly in his ballads such as the wonderful *Trampwoman's Tragedy*, where the agony of the trampwoman whose teasing has brought her lover's death is shown to be as moving as the sufferings of a *Cordelia* or a *Desdemona*. Hardy's intense pity for every form of life in its terrible struggle with a hostile environment is expressed in a multitude of lyrics from the exquisite hymn to womanhood :

" I need not go
Through sleet and snow
To where I know
She waits for me ; . . . "

to the burning lines on *The Blinded Bird* :

" Who hath charity ? This bird.
Who suffereth long and is kind,
Is not provoked, though blind
And alive ensepulchred ?
Who hopeth, endureth all things ?
Who thinketh no evil, but sings ?
Who is divine ? this bird."

This is the bare soul of poetry stripped of all ornament, and living wholly by the intensity of its thought and emotion. Irony has not been a common theme for English poetry, and to many it may seem an inappropriate one, but, if we claim the whole of life and not merely romance as the province of poetry, there should surely be a place for that ironical spirit which is so characteristic of the modern mind. It is impossible to deny the power of such a poem as *The Ruined Maid*, which is an ironic description of a world which gives the name of "ruin" to the condition of a girl that is positively envied by her old friends in the country :

" O'melia, my dear, this does everything crown !
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town ?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperit—y ?
" O didn't you know I'd been ruined ? " said she."

All Hardy's poems, however, are not piteous, tragic or ironic. There are many charming verses which merely embody the beauty and humour of the traditional peasant life of the West country, such as the Christmas poem on *The Oxen*, or the lovely dance song *Timing Her* ; and in *Lyonesse* for once he wrote purely romantic poetry, an exquisite tissue of word, music that challenges comparison with the masterpieces of Coleridge, Rossetti or De la Mare.

Perhaps the best poetry of the War was written by Thomas Hardy. In 1914 this poet of seventy-four interpreted the enthusiasm of the young men of England with astonishing vigour in one of the best marching songs in the language :

"What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn cocks say
Dawn is growing grey,
Leaving all that here can win us ;
What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away ? "

In 1915 he expressed the growing disgust at the futile slaughter in the sonnet called *The Pity of It*, where he tells how in Wessex lanes he heard men speaking a dialect akin to German, and how that brought home to him the tragedy of the conflict between "kin folk kin tongued even as are we." But his profoundest utterance on the war is to be found in the great lines : *In the Time of the Breaking of Nations*, which express perhaps more completely than any that he wrote the majestic simplicity of his genius, and his intense realisation of the futility of governments and systems as compared with the spirit of humanity :

"Yonder a maid and her wight
Come wandering by,
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die."

Hardy gave a new intellectual and spiritual strength to English poetry. He delivered it from the outworn traditions of nineteenth century romanticism, and vitalised it by contact with the common earth and common life, without abandoning the sincerity and depth of feeling which are the best part of the romantic heritage.

V. de SOLA PINTO.



A Hampshire Song.

The Forest and the Sea
Who'll tramp or sail with me ?
Ere summer flies, O feast your eyes !
To Hampshire come, the Gypsies' home,
Her rolling forest free to roam,
And out on to her Solent foam,
The sailor's paradise.

Past the hop-fields of Alton town
To Christchurch dairy, farms and vines
Come down through hamlets white and brown,
Oak avenues and odourous pines ;
By way of Winchester come down,
And worship at the sister shrines ;
There native ale, and honey here,
The rival here of Devon's cream
Or Wiltshire's bacon for your cheer,
Or salmon from the Christchurch stream ;
The guns of Portsmouth go to hear,
Or music in the Bournemouth chimes.
But plunge into the forest first,
And tramp the moors, and quench your thirst
At Lyndhurst or at Brockenhurst—
O tramp the moors with me,
Till through some woodland drive we burst
On fingers of the sea.

The Forest and the Sea,
Who'll tramp or sail with me ?
For never land and water yet
So beautifully mix'd and met
As where these bays and rivers fret
Our fields, these wooded headlands jet
Into our bright blue sea.

From Emsworth on to Porchester,
Hythe, Beaulieu, Lymington,
Leaves mirror'd in the waters stir,
And waters ripple in the sun.

From Hampton to St. Helen's go
By way of Cowes and Wootton Creek,
A hundred white sails to and fro
Blue seas or bowery harbours seek,
From tossing toys to towers of snow
In training for the famous Week.
The famous Week attend or shun
Ev'n as you love your fellow-kind :
The white-sail'd squadrons in the sun,
The starting and returning gun,
The fairs, the fireworks, and the fun,
May be, or not be, to your mind.
Flee, if you will, the glorious stunt,
Flee to the pine woods and the ling :
Go fishing in a Hampshire punt,
To Hengistbury Head take wing :
To Romsey or to Ringwood flee :
Flee to the forest from the sea ;
Our Forest once, but now, we sing,
Our Sea's the playground of a King.

The Forest and the Sea,
Who'll tramp or sail with me ?
Ere summer flies, O feast your eyes,
To Hampshire come, the Gypsies' home,
Her rolling forest free to roam,
The farmer's pride, her fertile loam,
And out on to her Solent foam,
The sailor's paradise.

A. ROMNEY GREEN.



Topical.



THE word which heads this paper has been made so common that it might cover almost any if not any other article. But after all *τοπος* does mean "a place," and this paper takes upon itself to be about a place, the place which is to serve as the headquarters of this periodical and which men design to make the headquarters of nothing less than a University—that is to say, Southampton. It shall be short; it shall, if possible, not be dull; the writer may plead the certainly not self-sufficient but not quite irrelevant claim that he was born there. Now, if everybody who had been born in every place wrote about it, the world would certainly be in that condition of plethora which is mentioned and deprecated in the Bible. But if nobody wrote about any place when he had not been born there, that world would on the other hand be relieved of some not too useful burdens.

In one or other of the endless and useless, but sometimes not un fascinating, quarrels between advocates of the two greatest English universities, it is sure to have been advanced that Oxford has many unfair advantages because of the interesting things that have happened there and because of the amenities of the site. Empresses fleeing from its castle in snowy nights; Bishops burning in its Broad by day; a refuge for Royalty in Rebellion and Parliaments in plague; *two* rivers; if no mountains, peculiarly attractive rising grounds east and west—all sorts of things in all sorts of kinds. Now it so happens that Southampton, though it has been rather "sinning its mercies" from the aesthetic side in the last hundred years, once had those mercies in no common degree and has not entirely lost them while it has plenty of historical, literary and miscellaneous associations from Bevis and Ascupart down to twenty thousand ton liners. Of most of these latter there were no room to speak, though I should like to make more fight for Alexander Ross than that wicked Butler's availing himself of a too obvious rhyme has usually allowed to the good schoolmaster; and to point out not for the first time that the description of the human frame as

"Arrayed in rosy skin and decked with eyes and ears" shews in the good Dr. Watts a considerable approximation to modern forms of other than merely poetic art. But a few words on Southampton as a place as I remember it dimly eighty years ago, quite clearly sixty if not seventy with a non-topographical trimming or two, may not be quite otiose. As has been confessed it has not beautified itself since, but that cannot be helped. In the middle of

the last century I doubt whether there were many towns in England which could beat Southampton in varied charm ; and it so happens that being a great walker for many years I had plentiful matter for comparison. Even after the Docks began to make the town richer and uglier (my own father was their first secretary, so I don't feel guiltless) they did no harm to the Western Shore and not much to the space between themselves and the pier. One outlying part of them, long vanished, a timber pond in which it was possible to risk and rejoice one's infant life by voyaging on floating baulks, was almost as good as nature. As for the Shore itself with the sea coming up to a much longer stretch of old wall and bastion than now exists so that you could haul yourself straight from a boat into the town, it was quite perfect. The other or Itchen side was less picturesque, but the Floating Bridge and the wooded Bitterne shore opposite gave it a character. Midway between the two came, and, of course, still comes, though not in all ways improved, one of the stateliest High Streets in England, itself however reserving to itself the more dignified and individual titles of Above and Below Bar in honour of the waist-belt which sacrilegious folk have tried to remove.

But where Southampton has the advantage of many towns and where things have not impoverished her riches quite so much as commerce has done at the other end is in the northern quarter in which its collegiate institutions may most conveniently be "located." I can hardly think of any other which with such a "seascape" at its foot bedecks its head in a more comely fashion than Southampton does, or at least did till it patriotically disordered that gear to serve England in the War. I have never seen the Common since and I understand it has been patched up a little. But in the middle distance of my remembrance, though pulled about and "prettified" a little, it was a singularly gracious place : and earlier when the old racecourse was obvious and the contracted remainder of almost wild wood that shuts in the Avenue curbed it in again contrasted order, it was something to see, and sent you handsomely on your way to Winchester by that once mysterious now, I understand, populous and ordinary place, Chandlers Ford, of which it used to be said that *one* man was *once* known to get out at its railway station and he was never heard of again.

It is indeed probable that he was altogether a myth, but in this and almost all other parts of Southampton without going outside to Netley or Calshot, to the New Forest or the Isle of Wight, there are not at all mythical memories of the most various kinds. In this very neighbourhood of the Avenue lived Lord Peterborough, not least of our soldiers but as little like the "solid Englishman" of

some imaginations as could well be. The luckless Cowper a person about as opposite to Peterborough as could well be frequented the place in his earlier life, and Gray knew it : while Jane Austen abode for some time in one of its comfortable "residential" quarters tucked behind the seaward walls, and Thackeray⁽¹⁾ was a frequent visitor later. Was it not in journeying from hence to Waterloo that a bold young relative asserted her own identity with the inimitable Blanche and had it in a fashion allowed ?

If indeed I had books at hand instead of relying entirely on memory, history and literature would provide me with endless matter of the kinds they deal with, while memory itself could furnish various trimmings "merry and sad to tell." But let this be enough to support just a little certain propositions logically or semi-logically arranged :

(1) It is good for the site of a University to have historical and literary associations.

(2) It is good for it to possess even to have possessed "amenities."

(3) In both these respects Southampton can hold its own valiantly.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

(1) Thackeray, of course, only stands at the head of a long list of authors (not always novelists) from whom passages sometimes of great literature could be drawn on the subject of arrivals at and departures from the place since, and not merely since it became a special passenger port.



Umbrarum Sonitus.



FT have I wondered whence that music came,
That charmed mine ear as near to Sleep I swung.
It seemed that all the Universal Frame
Gave birth to sound, as in wide Space it hung ;
It seemed that all the everlasting stars
Hummed in their courses such a mighty strain
That to mine ears, distuned from human jarrs,
Came what I'd heard in infancy again.
Those chords could not of organs be the song,
For myriad pipes could not raise that sweet swell ;
And that immortal cadence, yet more strong,
Defies the greatest master. Now they tell
Of Seasons four a-wheeling o'er the Earth,
Of Springtime and of green-shot boughs and fields ;
Of bluebells' and of pale primroses' birth,
That soon to Summer's scorching summons yields ;
Of gath'ring cloud and distant thunder's drum,
And then of Autumn's advent and the gold
She sprinkles o'er the hemisphere. " I come !
I come ! " shrieks Winter's wind ; and old
And gaunt and like dry rattling bones,
The trees all wither and their branches shake
To every icy blast that skirls and moans.
Then all the planets into chorus break
And Allelujahs chant. The mightier spheres
Join their great symphony to swell the praise ;
Their booming chords vibrate as days and years
Draw light and shade across them. Each new phrase
In sweeter melody does harmonise
With all the sounds of Nature as the throng
Of angels and of cherubs in the skies
Sweep all their quiv'ring golden strings along
And sing of Peace and Love and Joy and Praise.
Then sings my soul within me and my theme
With silent voice in ecstasy I raise.
The music swells and swells until I seem
To bathe in harmony, until my soul
Is merged with Nature, with th' Angelic host,
With all the sounds of Earth from Pole to Pole
And, singing, in calm sleep my Self is lost.

H.W.L.

A Lecture and its Sequel.



THE first number of *Wessex* will have the character of a Thomas Hardy Commemoration Number there may be a place among contributions of a loftier type for a mere footnote based upon an actual experience. "Life's little ironies" pay so great a part in the *Wessex* novels that an ironical coincidence bearing upon Hardy and his writings may be perhaps not unfittingly recorded.

Many readers of this magazine will be familiar with the name of the Working Men's College, in Crowndale Road, St. Pancras. This well-known institution anticipated in some of their cultural and social aims the newer University Colleges, though it has never had a strictly academical organisation. Among its Principals have been Frederick Denison Maurice (whose place is now occupied by his grandson, Sir Frederick Maurice), and Sir Charles Lucas. Its teachers have included Ruskin and D. G. Rossetti. The "humanities" have always figured predominantly in its programme of studies.

I had occasion a number of years ago to visit some of the College classes, including one in English literature. I did not know what the subject of the lecture was to be. I found that the lecturer (who later gave his life in the war) was dealing with the novels of Thomas Hardy. And of the many points of view from which they may be approached he had specially singled out one—Hardy's attitude to women. And the thesis that he developed and illustrated in some detail was that women, as depicted by Hardy, are a disturbing and harassing influence, that they come between men and their work, and are accountable for unrealised aims and broken careers.

Support for this thesis can, of course, be found in the *Wessex* novels, but while I was listening to the lecturer's discourse I thought he was over-stating his case and presenting a one-sided view. I was not, however, prepared for the astonishingly comical sequel. As I left the College when the lecture was ended, there was standing opposite the main entrance a man selling evening newspapers. He carried a placard which bore the announcement: "Marriage of Thomas Hardy." Has a newspaper placard ever so tersely, though unconsciously, discharged the critic's function? Hardy had been married, for the second time, that very day. And the years that followed (as even the outside world has been permitted to understand) were to show that in the great novelist's case the lecturer's pessimistic interpretation of the effects of feminine influence was as far as possible from being realised.

I have known other surprising coincidences connected with newspaper announcements, but none which was so completely a matter of chance. It was impossible for the bearer of the placard to know that a lecture on Hardy was being given within the College walls. And what is perhaps more remarkable, I have never, before or since, seen newspapers being sold in that particular spot. It is the most unequivocal instance, in my experience, of coincidence stretching a long arm.

F. S. BOAS.



To Commemorate Thomas Hardy, O.M.

There should arise an obelisk one day,
Upon some Wessex height near Blagdon Hill—
To keep the memory of one who will
Stand out when many others fade away—
No grand, ornate memorial he craved,
No village hall nor public library ;
But, on some great, grey hill, his name engraved
On simple monument of stone, to be
A landmark, near his namesake and the things
He held so dear :—the lonely heath, the bird
That flies the stormy sky on outstretch'd wings,
The fields, the shepherd driving home his herd—
While fades the light of sinking, crimson sun,
The horse returning home when day is done,
The trout stream running thro' the meadows green,
The woodlands where the first spring flowers are seen—
Needs must the guardian of his mem'ry stand
Somewhere within his cherish'd, native land—
On Egdon Heath, High Stoy, Wylls Neck, or there
Upon the hill behind the cottage where
A child, he lived : he loved all these so well
It matters not—on each his soul shall dwell !

MARGERY CONSTANCE HART.

A Note on Hardy's "Philosophy."



ARDY has often been called a Fatalist. That word may mean so many different things that it is not of much use to us. If Fatalism means a belief that what will happen will happen, of course Hardy is a Fatalist. So are we all. If it means a belief that in this world intolerable calamity does overtake people who cannot by any moral judgment be said to have deserved it, then Hardy is a Fatalist, and so are we all. We know that such things do happen. If they did not, there would be no place for tragedy. But I deprecate the application of philosophical names to a poet who explicitly disclaims to be any setter-forth of doctrines. Of the Spirits in the *Dynasts* he writes :

" Their doctrines are but tentative, and are advanced with little eye to a systematised philosophy warranted to lift ' the burthen of the mystery ' of this unintelligible world."

(*Preface*, p. viii).

Hardy constructs no philosophy. Still we can see the tendency of his mind. He does not, like W. E. Henley, declare himself ready to defy the Powers that rule the world. In an early poem he laments that there is no malignant Power to be defied, nothing but Crass Casualty.

If but some vengeful god would call to me
From up the sky, and laugh : " Thou suffering thing,
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting ! "

Then would I bear, and clench myself, and die,
Steeled by the sense of ire unmerited ;
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown ?
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan. . . .
These purblind Doomsters had as readily strown
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain.

(*Wessex Poems : Hap*).

But later this mere blind Chance has given way to something more complicated—the " All-immanent Will " which works unconsciously,

but perhaps—perhaps—may one day achieve consciousness. The amount of freedom left to man with his struggling consciousness is not clear. But certainly man with this struggling consciousness seems to have an unhappy superiority to the Higher Powers. It is almost parallel to, though in other ways very different from, Browning's suggestion in *Saul*. There you will remember, David with his power of self-sacrifice, of suffering for love, feels that in this respect man is somehow superior to his Creator. But the creature cannot be superior to the Creator, and from this very necessity of things David is led on to his prophecy of the suffering Messiah.

On the moral plane Hardy stresses above all things Sincerity. Therein lies one of his faint hopes.

“—Yet, would man look at true things,
And unilluded view things,
And count to bear undue things,

The real might mend the seeming,
Facts better their foredeeming,
And Life its disesteeming.”

(*Time's Laughing Stocks : To Sincerity.*)

H. M. MARGOLIOUTH.

Outcast Spirits.

(From Poems of the Night.)

To me by the quiet fireside
Sombrely thinking
Out of the wide
Void of the dark, where starshine was tangled,
Came faces I used to remark
With heart somewhat sinking,
Drink-sodden face of the clown, sharp angled
Faces of women, no one nowadays remembers,
Scourers by night of the town,
Scoriae, embers,
Of passions fair noontides disown,
Dare not face without shrinking.

“ Friend,” whispered the sibilant voices,
“ How alone you sit ! what singular vigil
Keep you ? What a strange choice is
This sitting ! What is the sigil
You seek on what face—though of fire—

That life has denied you ?
Do you deny us ? Have we no right to your cheer—
Who have shared your desire
For some crumb-comfort here,
Though we sought it less blindly,
Drunk or played lecher beside you ?
Has loneliness stiffened your air communion made kindly ? ”

“ Friends,” said I, “ this vigil is none of my choosing,
That which beckoned me on to the depth of abysses
Yet lures my sick reason
Ever the gage to throw down, and, still ever losing,
To seek, as once in sick wine and sour kisses,
The Why and the How
Of what I am, what He is
Whom others avow
To be Love and swear that most just His decree is.”

“ Ah, so that was your thought as you emptied the tumbler,
Turned face to the wall,
Pray what's your conclusion ? Has thought made you humbler
Whose shrewd kindness despised us,
Whose dire hunger disprized us,
Though we fed it the little we had ? Are you happier at all ? ”

“ No. No happier or humbler if to be so disposes
The soul to relent of its need to endeavour
Seek out among thorns of thought or of roses
What it must or deny (deny once, deny ever !)
The thing that it is, without which it must perish ! ”

“ Haggard thoughts ! Haggard face ! What a treasure to cherish
This soul, lightly lost, and, once lost, how the being
Laughs and is free,
Falls in a trance, enjoys without anguish,
Moves scarcely seeing
Pain's circle-points, life's gulphed futility,
In death's arms does not languish
But, sighless, disjoins
To eternal oblivion, phantom security ! ”

“ Mock, subtle sprites. We are what we are.
Reckon your wrongs by my pains.
You're welcome as if

You forwent your disdains
 And were now as you were. I'll make the fire flare,
 Offer libation, mix the stuff stiff,
 Would you drink, outcast spirits ?
 I make you amends
 If amends be the seeking that gathered you here,
 And amends can be made in the sphere folds the After.
 Come, drink, outcast spirits, not outcast I swear
 To me but still a friend."

" Friends ? " chorussed they, " Friends ? "

The bitter dark bore back to starlight wry laughter.

ROBERT NICHOLS.



Faust.

(A Lecture broadcast from 2LO on 16th April, 1928, and S.B. to all stations.)

THE Faust tradition is one of the richest veins dramatic literature ever tapped, having furnished the raw material for well over a hundred plays. Among them, however, the poem of Goethe stands out with such poetic excellence and such penetration of the real significance of the legend, that many think Faust a creation of his genius. This rebellious and insatiate spirit is so illumined by a halo of poetry or so lurid with the glare of infernal fires that we can hardly believe there was ever an original of the picture who once walked this earth as one of ourselves. And yet no name, except that of epoch-makers in religion, in science, or in art, occurs more widely in the writings of his contemporaries than does that of Faust. We know too little to follow closely his adventurous career ; but, disregarding doubtful sources of

information, the leaders of thought in his day, including the famous Melancthon, provide us with sufficient details to form a fairly clear picture of the man.

Faust—be this his real or only an assumed name—was born about 1480 in a small German town on the borders of Württemberg and Baden. He belonged to the then numerous class of half-educated workers of wonder-cures, whom we should now style quacks and charlatans. He led a peculiarly restless existence, wandering from town to town in Germany, often receiving large sums of money for the miraculous cures he was supposed to effect, and spending it as freely as it was earned, and not seldom expelled for debt or unseemly conduct. He boasted that he was leagued with spirits, and his boast was believed not merely by the populace of his age, but also by his most enlightened contemporaries. Did not Luther, at this very time, throw his inkpot at the devil, not metaphorically, but literally. It was quite in keeping with prevailing beliefs that Faust should have been at least half convinced of his alliance with some especially potent spirit, and this would explain his self-assurance and the awe in which he was held. The records of one town which had expelled him tell us that he was made to promise not to take revenge on the town, such was the fear he inspired. The belief in magic was then universal; Paracelsus, who made real contributions to science, was its votary no less than Faust.

Faust thus does not form a class to himself; he is simply an unusually conspicuous, talented, impudent member of the class to which he belonged, but he was sufficiently so to make his career a nucleus round which legend could readily cling. The myth began to take shape already during his lifetime; after his death, the individual features of the man become blurred almost beyond recognition by the mass of fable with which they were overgrown. The possibility of utilising this subject for pious ends was too obvious to be overlooked. Luther fought the devil; Faust sold himself to him. Such a contrast served to make of the Faust legend a handy vehicle for the spread of protestant doctrine, as well as a warning to all Christian men. Of course, the other aspect of the Faust story was not eclipsed by these doctrinal intentions; it satisfied the craving of the popular palate for strong fare by tricking out with every necessary embellishment the narrative of deeds done with the help of the devil and by dwelling upon Faust's fearful end when the devil fetches him.

Books on Faust followed one another in rapid succession, such interest did the legend inspire. One of the earliest was published in Goethe's native town, Frankfurt am Main, in 1587. Possibly the very next year saw the translation of this book into English. For

us, this is of special interest, because an English poet was the first to discover the dramatic qualities latent in the Faust legend. Christopher Marlowe, the great forerunner of Shakespeare, had just put on the stage, in Tamburlaine, a scourge of nations, swollen with pride of conquest, in the end braving the gods themselves. The Faust story tells of pride, not pride in the strong arm of the flesh, but pride of intellect defying the Creator. Of this material Marlowe fashioned his play "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," and opens with a work of real genius the long series of Faust dramas that were to follow. Marlowe does more than that: he lays down some of the main lines of treatment from which later writers have not ventured to depart. His Faustus is no mean scholar.

"So soone hee profits in divinitie,
The fruitfull plot of Scholerisme grac't,
That shortly he was grac't with Doctors name,
Excelling all, whose sweete delight disputes
In heavenly matters of *Theologie*."

Then follows the note of warning and censure so often sounded in the Faust book:

"Till swolne with cunning of a selfe conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting, heavens conspird his overthrow."

Occasional passages seem to show that Marlowe saw the real tragic grandeur of a noble mind in revolt against unjust decrees.

"What, is great *Mephistophilis* so passionate
For being deprived of the joyes of heaven?
Learne thou of *Faustus* manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possesse."

One can but regret that the play does not remain at this level; Marlowe had the stuff in him to write the tragedy of high-souled revolt, only he follows too slavishly his original; he just puts in dramatic form the story given him, instead of making it the medium for expressing the stirrings of his own heart. After many waverings, after a life not far elevated above the life of a vulgar impostor, Faust is claimed by the devil as his own.

Our countrymen were destined to provide another link in the chain between the original Faust and Goethe. English players toured German towns in the early years of the 17th century, less as occasional visitors than as a semi-permanent institution, and versions of Marlowe's play formed a constant part of their repertoire. From thence Faust passed into the regular German popular drama

and into the marionette or puppet shows. When Goethe began his Faust, he did not know Marlowe's drama at first hand; he may have read one of the many Faust books, but it is certain that he had seen when a boy the puppet show based on Marlowe. Referring to his frame of mind when Faust began to occupy his attention, he writes: "The deep significance of the puppet fable awakened a many-voiced echo in me. I, too, had wrestled with every branch of learning and had early seen the vanity of it all. Not less varied was my experience of life, and from every adventure I had returned more dissatisfied, more tormented than before."

With feelings such as these Goethe was almost predestined to see in the Faust story a depth of meaning undiscovered before. That story grew up at the time of the Renaissance and Reformation and gives expression to the unrest and yearning which lie at the root of this great movement. Behind the discontent of Faust we see the aspirations of a whole epoch. The opening monologue of Goethe's play expresses the quintessence of Renaissance feeling. There is the same surfeit of book learning.

"I have, alas! Philosophy,
Medicine, Jurisprudence, too,
And to my cost Theology
With ardent labour studied through.
And here I stand with all my lore,
Poor fool, no wiser than before."

Hence the often observed scepticism . . .

"I learn,
That we in truth can nothing know."

And hence the positive passion for unfettered, spontaneous natural development, the devout and wistful contemplation of Nature so beautifully expressed by Faust.

"O full-orbed moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze!
Beside this desk, at dead of night
Oft have I watched to hail thy light;
Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll
With soothing power thy radiance stole!
In thy dear light, ah, might I climb,
Freely, some mountain height sublime,
Round mountain caves with spirits ride,
In thy mild haze o'er meadows glide,
And, purged from knowledge fumes, renew
My spirit in thy healing dew!"

Thus not by laboursome experiment, but on the wings of imagination, are the real meaning of nature and its power to heal to be attained. Poetic fancy of this kind revels in the contemplation of nature as a whole, not in close study of its parts; there is no division into an upper and a lower, no chasm yawns between heaven and earth; mystic intuition sees one unbroken chain of Being.

"How all things live and work, and, ever blending,
Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range!
How powers celestial, rising and descending,
Their golden buckets ceaseless interchange!
Their flight on rapture-breathing pinions winging,
From heaven to earth their genial influence bringing
Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing."

The active side of the Renaissance is as finely expressed as its aesthetic pantheism; Faust possesses that same craving to live, enjoy, rule, create, that same conscious endeavour to confirm and extend man's rule over nature; and since the ordinary methods of science give but a limited sovereignty over nature, the aid of magic is invoked.

Almost every phrase of this wonderful opening monologue, whilst strictly applicable to the individual Faust and expressive also of the inmost feelings of Goethe, reveals some important aspect of Renaissance thought and feeling. To have thus combined living personal experience and the vastness of one of the great eras of history is the mark of true poetry. How far we are removed from the mere reproduction in dramatic form of a given story!

Faust is Goethe's life's work; sixty years separate its beginning from its conclusion. What was the original plan of the piece? How was it to end? We cannot answer with certainty, since the first version never was completed, and the plan changed with the changing outlook on life of Goethe. Probably the following lines furnish some clue.

"Whate'er is portioned out among mankind,
In my own intimate self will I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
All human joys and woes on my own heart I'll heap,
To human state dilate my individual mind
And share at length with man the shipwreck of mankind."

Such superhuman aspirations Goethe often toyed with in his youth, and at the same time he clearly saw the catastrophe to which overweening leads. In many poems written at this age he expresses these feelings, and in some he shows how they are dashed against the limits set to human action. It is unlikely that Goethe contemplated Faust

should fall a victim to the devil; all the requirements for a tragic ending are given in a nature so endowed, no extraneous aid need be invoked to bring it about.

The only portions developed at any length in the first version of *Faust* are the monologue just discussed, and the Gretchen tragedy which opera and film have made familiar to everyone. Just as Goethe's own hatred of the shams of learning and his desire for direct communion with the spirit of nature give pith and substance to the monologue, so also the Gretchen tragedy derives its poignancy from the poet's own experience; his abandonment of a very estimable lady who had trusted his vows of affection forms one of the most unworthy incidents in his career, in spite of any pangs of remorse he may have felt and given expression to in the Gretchen tragedy. We must add that the end of this lady did not fortunately in the least resemble that of Gretchen and no shame or disgrace was ever brought on her by his conduct.

The student scenes of this early *Faust* similarly express personal experience, namely, the repugnance Goethe felt at the coarseness and vulgarity of university life he had seen at Leipzig.

There is something incongruous in the mature scholar of the opening scene appearing completely under the sway of youthful passion in the later ones, and a dozen years passed before Goethe discovered a way of making the incongruity at least less striking. The connecting link is the rejuvenating scene in the "witches' kitchen," where Faust drinks a potion brewed by an old hag during a mad ritual and issues from the ceremony a young man and a fitting hero of his later exploits. Goethe wrote this scene in Italy, where he saw much ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony: is the madness and extravagance of the scene intended as a parody on a more august and solemn ritual? Love potions are far from unknown in literature and nothing compels us to connect very closely the rejuvenation accomplished here with the spiritual regeneration which plays an important part in religion.

With the completion of the "witches' kitchen" an intelligible line of thought runs through the three parts: the disillusioned scholar leaves the barren pursuits of his study, enters into league with spirits, regains his youth and embarks as a young man on the Gretchen tragedy. But Goethe still sees no satisfactory conclusion to his tragedy, although fifteen years have elapsed since he began it. More years go by; the poet's views on life evolve; his superman ideal is abandoned, he no longer thinks it good to rush whirlwindlike through existence, uprooting everything that might check his mad career. Limitation rather than expansion now has his praise. He retains to the end of his days his conviction of the goodness of activity; but the

activity which has power to save he regards not as that expended on selfish aggrandisement, not as that dictated by the desire to satisfy any particular craving ; it is activity which has its reward in itself, which is its own end because that is all of it that belongs to the subject, its material results are to be free from the dross of selfishness and to conduce solely to the general good.

It was the conviction of the all-importance of activity that inspired the completion of the plan of Faust. The pact entered into with Mephistopheles—always a cardinal feature of the Faust plays—shows this most clearly. What made earlier Fausts greater than their fellow-men was, at bottom, nothing but the excessiveness of selfish desire ; they compound with the devil to sell their souls at the price of the satisfaction of the desire for wealth, honour and power. Entirely different is the pact between Goethe's Faust and Mephistopheles. No attainment of any material good is here stipulated ; on one condition is Faust to become the devil's, namely, that the devil shall quell the principle of activity within him, shall make him weary of well-doing, shall make him consider the fruit of achievement worth more than the achieving of it, shall make him crave for rest. Faust formulates thus his terms :

" If e'er on bed of sloth stretched at my ease I'm found,
Then may my life that instant cease !
Me canst thou cheat with glozing wile
Till self-reproach away I cast,
Me with joys lure canst thou beguile,
Let that day be for me the last !
When to the moment I shall say :
' Linger awhile ! so fair thou art !'
Then may'st thou fetter me straightway,
Then to the abyss will I depart."

That Faust should not perish is a foregone conclusion, once this pact is agreed upon—any other conclusion is unthinkable, it would mean that Goethe had foresworn his dearest beliefs.

The statement of the underlying idea of Faust just given must not lead one to suppose that this poem is a piece of philosophy. It is a masterpiece of art, it appeals to the senses and the imagination ; it glows with the fervour of living experience ; it dwells in the concrete ; it is instinct with the freshness and hue of life and never becomes a mere lifeless abstraction. Immediately the pact concluded, Faust accompanied by Mephistopheles sets out on his journey through life, the devil always trying to secure for Faust one moment to which he might say

" Linger awhile ! so fair thou art ! "

Scenes of sublimest poetry unfurl themselves at every step before us in this epitome of human destiny which in a fine crescendo takes us through coarse sensuous delights, through the poignant tragedy of which Gretchen is the victim, through mingled activity and enjoyment at the Imperial Court to a vision of the highest beauty earth can afford in the recalling of Helen of Troy from the nether world. Death overtakes Faust battling with the elements, reclaiming land from the ocean, no longer striving to satisfy even that amount of selfish desire implied in the enjoyment of beauty, but intent solely on making this earth a fairer place for men to inhabit. A kind of epilogue symbolises the vouchsafing of divine grace to a spirit that has striven so well.

E. W. PATCHETT.



The Sad Princess.

To R. M. Hewitt.

What ails the Princess that she is so sad ?
Now only sighs come from her rosy mouth :
She has lost her laughter, she has lost her colour.
The pale Princess sits in her golden chair,
The notes of her great clavichord are silent,
In a forgotten vase a flower is fading.

A host of royal peacocks fills the garden,
The chattering duenna talks banalities,
The crimson-vested jester pirouettes,
The Princess does not smile, she does not answer ;
Only she follows through the Eastern sky
The dreamy outline of a vague illusion.

Does she see a Prince of China or Golconda,
Or him who burnt his silver chariot wheels
To see with his own eyes the well of light ?
Or the King who rules the isles of fragrant roses,
Or him whose realm is the shining land of diamonds,
Or the proud Sovran of the pearls of Ormuz ?

Alas ! poor Princess with the rosy mouth,
She would be a swallow, she would be a butterfly,
Would spread her wings and fly into the heavens,
Would climb a ray's bright stair-case to the sun,
Salute the lilies with a song of May
Or lose herself in a storm above the sea.

She loathes her palace and her silver distaff,
Her latticed balcony and her crimson jester,
The flock of swans that glides on the blue lake.
The flowers are all sad for the flower of the palace,
The Eastern Jasmins and the Northern violets,
The Western Dahlias and the Southern Roses.

O you poor Princess with the sad blue eyes,
You are a prisoner in your jewels, in your silks,
The royal palace is a marble gaol :
The proud palace that so many sentries guard,
A hundred negroes with a hundred halberds,
A hound that never sleeps, a mighty dragon.

What butterfly will come from that fair chrysalis ?
(The Princess is so sad, she is so pale)
O lovely vision of gold, of rose and ivory,
Who will fly to the land where the fair princess is waiting ?
(The Princess is so sad, she is so pale,
Brighter than dawn and lovelier than April.)

Wait quietly, Princess, says Godmother Fate,
 He is coming hither on a horse with wings,
 Girt with a sword and on his wrist a falcon,
 The happy Prince who loves thee in very truth,
 He has conquered Death ; he is coming from afar,
 To burn your lips with a fiery kiss of love.

V. de S. P.



H.W.L.

The Quiet Ending of Shakespearian Tragedy.



LONG the sayings of his father recorded by the present Lord Tennyson in his well-known *Memoir*, is one of some significance for those interested in the treatment of Shakespeare on the stage. Tennyson, we read, "did not speak favourably of some of the modern sensational *curtains*." He said that "the public are often left poised on the top of a wave, and the wave is not allowed to break": that this might be modern theatrical art, but is entirely opposed to the canons of true literary dramatic art; and that the theatric and the dramatic were always being mistaken the one for the other. In this contrast between theatric and dramatic art, Tennyson is evidently using the words "theatric," "theatrical," to imply, as they very commonly do, something false and meretricious; but if the modern theatre were true to its mission, and had a high sense of its responsibilities, no contrast between theatric and dramatic could properly be instituted. Dramatic art, however "literary," cannot be divorced from the art

of the theatre, and in a play written for representation on the stage, any breach of the canons of literary dramatic art committed by actor or producer, is equally an offence against the art of the theatre itself.

In his dislike of sensational "curtains," Tennyson had no doubt in mind, first of all, the wholly contrary practice of the Greek tragic poets. A Greek tragedy invariably closes on a note, voiced by the Chorus, of solemnity and calm, a feature nobly reproduced in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. Whether Shakespeare troubled himself or not with the practice of the Greek tragic writers, or was even aware of it, consciously or instinctively, he observed with equal fidelity the canon of the quiet ending, a canon which the modern theatre, as Tennyson knew it, and as in large part we know it now, almost habitually defied and defies. But in truth the rule is one that is obeyed, not only by the greatest dramatists, but by all the greatest literary artists, and by all who accept the great literary traditions; by Homer, by Virgil, by Dante and by Milton. Dante, it will be remembered, ends each of the three parts of the *Divine Comedy* with a verse lifting the spirit to a contemplation of the eternal quietude of the stars; whilst the close of every one of Milton's greater poems bears testimony to the fact that the highest art abhors sensational endings, that it seeks rather to fortify and console than, as ultimate result, to disturb or excite the mind or the emotions. Hence the "dying fall" in the diction and movement of the final verses of *Paradise Lost*.

They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took their solitarie way,

and of *Paradise Regain'd*:

Home to his Mother's house private return'd hee unobserv'd.

Among the greater Victorians, Matthew Arnold furnishes conspicuous examples of the principle that the ending of a tragic or sad poem should afford relief from the painfulness or melancholy of the main theme. Indeed, his usual practice is to leave, as final impression, a picture of something only remotely and subtly related to the main theme. Hence the lines about the Oxus which close the tragic story of *Sohrab and Rustum*, the stanzas about the Phoenicians and their "corded bales" which end *The Scholar Gipsy*; the recollection of *The Scholar Gipsy* which ends *Thyrsis*; the episode of Merlin which forms the concluding part of *Tristram and Iseult*; and the simile of the stork which leads up to the quiet of the final verses of *Balder Dead*.

None of the tragedies of Shakespeare has a sensational ending. There is always a marked slackening of the tension in the concluding

dialogue of the Fifth Act. Sometimes, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, relief from the emotional strain is afforded by the entrance of a group of characters not present at the actual catastrophe—the Prince of Verona, the elder Montagu and Capulet, with other personages, in *Romeo and Juliet*; Antony and Octavius with their victorious forces in *Julius Caesar*; Fortinbras and his army in *Hamlet*; Malcolm and his followers in *Macbeth*; Augustus Caesar “with all his train” in *Antony and Cleopatra*; at other times, as in *Othello*, *Lear* and *Coriolanus*, with no fresh interest of the kind to withdraw attention, even for a moment, from the catastrophe, the tempest suddenly drops, and the impression of quiet at the close is given in only a few lines. For example, in *Coriolanus*: Coriolanus has uttered his last defiance, and has fallen beneath the violent onslaught of Aufidius and the other conspirators. Then, after a brief dialogue between the astounded Senators and the chief conspirator, the tragedy closes with the measured movement of a short passage of noble verse, and a sense of “calm of mind all passion spent”:

My Rage is gone,
And I am stricke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vncchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Assist.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

It may be objected that Shakespeare was forced to end his tragedies in this way because the platform-stage, for which he wrote, had no front curtain, and a sensational ending was thereby precluded. The characters who crowded the stage at the end of the last act had to be got off in a natural and orderly manner, and, in the circumstances, a quiet ending was indicated, and indeed rendered compulsory. This is true enough; but, while we may welcome the attention which recent Shakespeare scholarship has paid, and is paying, to the external features of the Elizabethan theatre, there is a certain danger attaching to the new criticism. The student may be led to mistake a coincidence for a determining factor, and be tempted to account for the great qualities of Shakespeare's art, in form and substance, by a reference to conditions purely external and fortuitous. Shakespeare's stagecraft was doubtless circumscribed by the severely practical conditions of his theatre; and the limitations so imposed could never be absent from the poet's mind; but it is a distinguishing characteristic of Shakespeare's art, that he regularly turned to account the material

limitations of his theatre, its traditions and conventions, so converting circumstances that might seem calculated merely to hamper and impede, into instruments for the realisation of his own free artistic purposes. Shakespeare refrained from sensational endings, not because the platform-stage had no front curtain, but because sensational endings were contrary to the principles which governed his art.

The typical West-End producer has other principles to guide him. He requires "a good curtain," and so, when faced by a Shakespearian tragedy, he gets his curtain by mutilating the poet's text, and ignoring, if he comprehends it, the poet's dramatic purpose. In order to secure sensational curtains for *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, he rings down the curtain immediately after Hamlet has spoken his dying words, and directly after Juliet has killed herself. At the end of *Hamlet* he cuts about fifty, and at the end of *Romeo and Juliet* about a hundred and fifty lines, which Shakespeare, not without some intelligent and intelligible purpose, had been at pains to write. Shakespeare ended the tragedy of *Hamlet* with the return of Fortinbras, and the hope of a new Denmark purged of the corruptions which had poisoned it. He ended *Romeo and Juliet* with the reconciliation, promised in the Prologue, of the hostile families, whose feud was the source of the whole tragedy, and with the dawn of peace, if, as yet, only a "glooming peace," over afflicted Verona. Our typical producer cuts out Fortinbras and the dramatic significance attaching to him, thereby sacrificing the relief, called for after the orgy of slaughter, and afforded by the shining armour and the martial rites paid to the dead Hamlet. In *Romeo and Juliet* the "cut" is an even more flagrant proceeding. It leaves the story without an ending, and makes the tragic sacrifice of the lovers nothing more than a very distressing incident, of no particular moral or other significance.

In both cases the sensational curtain is an offence. It may be in accordance with popular taste (though that is more than doubtful); it may serve to gratify a player's vanity (and that is sometimes the plain motive); but, if Tennyson was right, it is in all cases at variance with the principles of true dramatic art, and is in direct opposition to the practice of Shakespeare, illustrated, not only in all his tragedies, but, with, different effect and purpose, in every one of his plays.

MARK HUNTER.

The Sailing Ship.

This master-work of man—at last the key
 To this elusive miracle I hold !
 Fellow to theirs for whom the heavens unroll'd
 The secret of their far-flung harmony.
 No more, even Einstein, will I envy thee
 Thy range of interstellar spaces cold,
 Thus to decipher here this wondrous mould
 Of beauty, power, and speed enough for me.

This mould of cross-wise plank and timber wrought
 By wind and wave—unletter'd age-long thought
 And dauntless toil in conquest of the sea !
 Well may I ask, And which most wonderful,
 The elemental means, the perfect hull,
 The script of its obscure geometry ?

A. ROMNEY GREEN.



Thomas Hardy at Max Gate.

Some Reminiscences.



O Rydal Mount its Wordsworth, and Coniston its Ruskin,
 to Twickenham its Pope and Horace Walpole, to Fresh-
 water its Tennyson, to Storrington its Francis Thompson,
 to Box Hill its Meredith—how run these names their
 melodies and how rich their meaning grows as we draw
 near to Max Gate at Dorchester. For there was Thomas Hardy.

Seven years have passed since first I visited that house of his
 own designing. I had gone on behalf of the University College of

Southampton to enlist his sympathy in the cause of a University for Wessex, then about to be proclaimed by Viscount Milner at Winchester. To the creator of modern Wessex as to Wessex' greatest king the cause of education was one to be firmly embraced and strongly approved, and the message Thomas Hardy gave me the privilege of conveying to the Winchester meeting proved to be but the first of many tokens of his real interest in our University project.

But that first visit was memorable for a more intimate glimpse of the poet's personality. Conversation turned presently upon some contemporary writers of prose, and the name of Lord Morley of Blackburn—John Morley as he was more familiarly known—was mentioned. The poet's eye lit with pleasure as he said: "Morley's prose is like himself, honest all through." Then he added: "I am proud to be in the same company with him." "What company is that?" I enquired. "The Order of Merit," was the reply, and with that he fetched a leather case and displayed the riband and medal of the Order of Merit. His evident pride and delight in that most noble form of kingly and public recognition was one of the most pleasing features of that interview. Hardy referred again to Morley's qualities of mind when at a later date he described to me the funeral of the great statesman, at which I think Mr. Asquith had been present. "Like us all," he said, "a man is measured by the friendships he makes. Remember this, Morley won the friendship of Herbert Asquith."

Most striking and rememberable of all his speech with the present writer, however, was his comment on the closing chorus of *The Dynasts* and the Treaty of Versailles, 1919. As is well known, that chorus contains one of the few wholly hopeful notes in Hardy's work. Mr. Edward Clodd in a conversation with the poet before the Great War found that what he had written at the end of *The Dynasts* was in real accord with his general verdict on the course of human history:

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages

Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that
were,
Consciousness the Will informing till It fashion all things
fair!

But in 1922 the Great War had come and gone, and Europe lay quivering yet from the long-drawn agony. Could it now be said that the rages of the ages had been cancelled, that the time of

deliverance had come, that all things were fashioning fair under the informing influence of a more enlightened mind amongst the peoples? Like many other readers of *The Dynasts* I had been impressed by its closing chorus, and to this I referred in expressing to the poet my admiration for his greatest work. But he shook his head as he replied: "I shouldn't write that now." "Not write those lines of hope again, why not?" I eagerly questioned. Came the brief, the pregnant, the unanswerable reply: "The Treaty of Versailles."

ALBERT A. COCK.



To a Pessimist Poet.

Your art, a mirror to the mortal woes
 Of this sick age—needs it to be sicklied too;
 Likier the fungus' than the sunset hue,
 Flower of the deadly nightshade than the rose?
 Why mourn so sharp for living things their throes
 Of birth and death, when joys so deep and true
 Should intervene, and other woes how few—
 How far from irremediable those?
 Woes that should draw the sword, or weft and warp
 Of woe with joy thus deftly underscored:
 Joys to adorn the mirror, string the harp,
 As of another David to the Lord.
 Bring not the mirror alone: sweet, clear and sharp,
 O, bring the Harp, the Mirror, and the Sword.

A. ROMNEY GREEN.



Wessex.



ESSEX is the heart of England. Two thousand years before the Saxons came it was the home of a prosperous people, enjoying the fruits of labour under a settled government. We cannot doubt that the builders of Stonehenge and Avebury lived under a regime at least as "advanced" as that of our Saxon ancestors. At any rate, early in the second millennium before Christ, the dwellers on Salisbury Plain were no savages. They made stockaded settlements on the hills; they

practised agriculture: they obtained gold ornaments from Ireland, jet from Yorkshire, and amber and bronze from other distant lands. The natives of Sussex and Norfolk had their share of foreign goods, but they were numerically inferior and they never achieved triumphs of megalithic building.

Later, during the five centuries before and after the birth of Christ, the population of Wessex multiplied exceedingly. Salisbury Plain and the Hampshire uplands were almost wholly under plough. Then the Celtic regime was overthrown by the Saxons; the upland villages gave place to valley settlements—our modern villages with their thatched cottages are their direct descendants. The Wessex of King Alfred was perhaps more like the Wessex of Thomas Hardy than the Celtic Wessex it succeeded; but it was still the heart of England.

What is the explanation of this continuity, outlasting four invasions and at least one radical change of agriculture? It is a simple one. The bare chalk downs were throughout the most favourable region for settlement. They were at first the only *fertile* region which was open and free from forest and scrub; some, like Dartmoor, were open but barren; others, like Sussex, were both open and fertile but of limited extent. Indeed the narrow strip of the South Downs was but the pathway to the great estate of Wessex.

The undulating, well-watered plains formed an admirable field for prehistoric activities. There were no tangled forests to be cleared, and but few rivers that could not be crossed at frequent points. The rewards of labour were abundant and communications open and easy. Natural conditions favoured the industrious peasant and discouraged the predatory raider. These are inferences, but they are supported by evidence, and above all by distribution-maps. Such maps show a thicker array of spots over Wessex than over any other region of equal size.

It will be seen that the term "Wessex" is given a somewhat arbitrary, if convenient, connotation. It includes the chalk downs of Wiltshire, Berkshire, Hampshire and Dorset, then an almost unbroken expanse of grass-land, with here and there islands of scrub or woodland on the clay-covered plateaus. Around Wessex ran a thorny hedge of dense forest and swamp, isolating her from her neighbours. There were gaps in the hedge; but first of all—who were her neighbours then?

To the north-west lay another favoured region—the bare Jurassic limestone slopes of the Cotswolds, extending from the Cherwell to the Bristol Avon at Bath. This region is prolonged south of the Avon, to the Mendips, across an intervening belt of diversified structure,

limestone predominating. The whole, from Cheddar to Banbury, formed a single unit of habitation—a natural region—in the sense that no great obstacle cut off the inhabitants of any one portion from those of any other. Internal communications were easy, and the population, though perhaps less uniformly dense, was yet at all times considerable.

Far away in the extreme north-east lay the Yorkshire Wolds and the shore-line of the Fens, where the flint mines were to be found. The Wolds formed a little Wessex of the north, complicated however by glacial deposits and a climate to correspond. Nearer home, on the banks of the Thames between Radley and Wallingford, stretch huge gravel flats which supported prosperous communities. The region is anomalous, and as yet we know little about its former denizens, whose works have been levelled by agriculture. But agriculture itself has already begun to reveal them again to the aeroplane camera.

Kent held a compact group of communities near the Maidstone gap and a thronged foreland between the Medway and Thanet. Sussex was a cul-de-sac ending at Beachy Head. But southwards Wessex looked through her ports across the channel to the continent, and perhaps also westwards along the coast to Cornwall.

The Gates of Wessex were the gaps in the forest hedge—and of course the channel ports. These gaps are where nature thrusts out a ridge or spur of hard, open ground across the clay belt. On the north and west the forest was almost continuous. Even in the Middle Ages there remained huge detached fragments. On the south and west lay the forest of Powerstock (or Marshwood) near Bridport; the forests of Blackmore, Gillingham and Selwood forming an almost impenetrable barrier and extending from Melbury Bubb to Longleat; and the woods of Steeple Ashton, the former members of the mysterious forest of Selwood, Wilts. On the north and west were the forests of Melksham and Chippenham, and of Braden, and the Vale of the White Horse—never a royal forest but swampy and difficult to negotiate. On the north east was the forest of Pamber, between Reading and Basingstoke, the remains of a much larger forest once covering the tertiary clays of East Berkshire and doubtless forming the forest of Bearruc which named the shire. On the east lay Andredesweald, now represented by the forests of Alice Holt and Wolmer. (Of these six were upon Oxford Clay, two on Kimmeridge Clay, two on Gault and one each on Lias and London Clay.)

Probably the most important gaps were those opening to the north and west, since there lay the region of next densest population. At two

points only does the encircling belt of Oxford Clay contract, bringing the hard cretaceous ground of Wessex within easy reach of the oolitic limestone of the "other land." The first is at Frome; the second at Lacock. Frome is a great road centre. The modern town may well stand on the site of a prehistoric camp (though there is only presumptive topographic evidence of such); space does not permit a detailed description of the roads themselves. The Gate of Lacock was in use during the Middle Ages when the London and Bath road passed just north by Keybridge to Sandy Lane. A picturesque survival of this derelict Bath road is the Pilgrims' Chapel at Plaster. It stands on a hill-top where the old road is crossed by the Pilgrims' road from Malmesbury to Glastonbury.

On the north an entrance is found near Faringdon, where a spur of greensand projects from Uffington to Faringdon and almost joins the chalk to the Corallian. Here are the "Coxwell pits," often described as the site of a "British village," but really quern-quarries. It is interesting to note that precisely similar pits—the Pen Pits—occur also between Mere and Wincanton; and there is another Gate, geologically resembling the Gate at Faringdon. There are other ways out of Wessex to the west, but they are more complicated and a bare mention must suffice. They are associated with the towns of Chard and Axminster, which gather up several routes and pass them on to the west country.

North-eastwards led the Icknield Way, a simple track along the chalk outcrop which stretches unbroken from the Thames to the Wash. The Thames itself may have been a highway eastwards. By land the approaches are two only—they consist of the Hog's Back, gathering up the Harrow Way, the Pilgrims' Way and other roads from the west and redistributing them again eastwards; and of the Sussex ridgeway.

Southwards the ports of Wessex were Weymouth, Christchurch and Southampton. Weymouth served southern Dorset, Christchurch northern Dorset and Salisbury Plain; Southampton was, and is, the port of Hampshire. Christchurch was frequented in all periods. It is most significant that close to it has recently been found (by Dr. Clay) a hitherto unknown Long Barrow. This is the only Long Barrow occurring anywhere within the Tertiary country, and it occurs precisely where one might have expected to find one, near a port we know to have been used by the neolithic people of the uplands. At Hengistbury, at the entrance of Christchurch harbour, were found remains of the Early Bronze Age—also very rare as this region—including one type of object (a small bronze blade set in amber) found also in Wiltshire, but nowhere else. In the later Iron Age and in Roman Times,

Hengistbury was the site of a flourishing village where iron was smelted. The promontory is defended by a double line of earthen ramparts.

Southampton and the shores of the adjacent estuaries have yielded more hoards of bronze implements than the whole of the rest of Wessex; they all belong to the end of the Bronze Age, and it is a legitimate inference that the raw metal was brought here by sea from Cornwall. The tertiary clays were convenient for making moulds and there was abundant fuel for melting the ore. There was doubtless an effective demand in the hinterland—which has yielded many isolated bronze implements though but few hoards; and hoards belong in regions of manufacture.

The importance of these ports, and of some others, in later times need hardly be mentioned, for it is well known. Poole and Wareham were later growths. Neither existed before the Saxon invasions, so far as we know.

The invention of the steam-engine dislocated the geography of England, and it is coal not chalk which now controls the distribution of population. The exhaustion of coal deposits, or another invention, may restore to Wessex her lost economic supremacy. Whether that would be to her ultimate spiritual or material advantage is another matter.

O. G. S. CRAWFORD.



The Industrial Town.

Rattle and clatter the swinging trams,
Whine metal wheels on the metal rails,
Bumpy cobbles and sludgy streets,
Kilns and ovens swing long smoke trails,
Furnaces, forges, hammers and soot,
Sulphur and iron and gaunt pit-heads,
Slag-heaps, black, naked, peeping through grass,
Grime-blacken'd houses and glass-roof'd sheds,
Thick-coated windows, dust in the air,
Humming of wheels and the siren's blast,
Sigh of the hemm'd-in slave, of steam,
Rhythm of belts and cogs, now fast,
Now slow, now halting, but ne'er at rest,
Steel jaws that must always and ever be fed.
Is this the new Eden, is this the place
Where Man, the image of God, should tread ?
Smoke and whirr and stench of grease—
Where is Beauty and where is Peace ?

In the sunset, more gorgeous for dust and smoke,
In the glare of the furnace o'erspreading the sky
When the night has fallen, in molten slag
Rolling and tipping to glow and die,
In the beads of light like starlets strung
On the blank slag-heaps, when the veiling night
Blots Man's handiwork, ugly and vile,
Wretched and sordid, out of Man's sight ;
Here is Beauty, when darkness falls
And light to light through the blackness calls.

In the cheerful hearth, in the children's laugh,
When the inky collier or potter white
Enters his home ; in the kettle's song,
In the simple meal and the chatter bright ;
Here, if Man wish it, when labours cease,
Here mid the grime, is the gift of Peace.

Thurifers, crucifer, acolytes, priest,
Swinging through incense clouds down the nave,
Lights on the Altar and organ's roll,
Introit and collect and, wave on wave,
Hymn and prayer to the lofty vaults,
Colours and vestments, cloth of gold,
Shining cross and perfumed flowers ;
Hush as the Message of Christ is told,
Hush as is offer'd the Sacrifice,
Hush as on high the Priest lifts the Host,
Hush as God's flock is fed ; never a sound
While the temple is filled with the Holy Ghost.
Here, when the six days' labours cease,
Here is Beauty and here is Peace.

H. W. L.



Sound Waves from a Big Gun.



At the end of last session, the Air Ministry invited us to join with the Universities of Birmingham and Bristol in attempting to record the sound waves from a sixteen-inch gun which was to be tested on the Shoeburyness ranges. The gun was about 100 miles from Southampton and it was thought that we would probably be in the "silence zone," that is, too far away from the gun to be able to detect waves coming direct and not far enough away to receive waves turned over and sent down to earth again by the hot layer in the atmosphere which is believed to exist at a height of about twenty miles.

Southampton happened to be the only town with a university or a university college that was likely to be in the silence zone, and the Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, who was mainly responsible for organizing the investigation, was particularly anxious that the existence of the silence zone should be confirmed.

Fortunately, two members of our Electrical Engineering Staff, Mr. P. G. Spary and Mr. C. E. Chester, volunteered to join me in the task, so I was able to accept the invitation. The sound wave recording apparatus, lent by the Air Ministry, arrived at the end of June and the experiments were carried out during July and the first week in August.

The receiving instrument was a Tucker hot wire microphone, an instrument developed during the war for locating enemy guns. It was placed in a tub in a bramble patch out in the grounds and was connected to the electrical recording instruments in one of our laboratories by an overhead line.

The microphone consists of a grid of very fine platinum wire fixed in the mouth of a large tin can. This wire grid, which is kept hot by an electric current, forms one of the arms of a Wheatstone's bridge. When the air is at rest, the bridge is balanced; but when a wave due to the firing of a gun or the banging of a door arrives, air currents are momentarily set up in the mouth of the can, the fine wire is cooled, the balance of the bridge is upset, a current passes through a sensitive string galvanometer, and a photographic record is made on a sensitized paper tape by means of a beam of light. The tape is automatically fed through the camera at a speed of about one inch per second and comes out developed and fixed. Lines indicating hundredths of a second are photographed on it at the same time, the light being interrupted by the arms of a rapidly rotating time-marker driven by an electrically maintained tuning-fork.

Rounds were fired from the big gun on three days and on two of these the B.B.C. helped us by broadcasting the time of firing of each round by means of their time signal "Pips." On the third day, they were unable to co-operate and yet, by good luck, both Birmingham and Bristol managed to record the arrival of waves from the gun and the apparatus here was recording when the waves from three out of the four rounds fired were due to arrive.

Our apparatus made beautiful records of sound waves from many sources. We were able to identify the waves from trains, motor lorries and motor buses, but we could not connect any of the waves with the big gun.

Negative results are always rather disappointing, but we had the satisfaction of hearing from the Sound Ranging Expert of the Air Ministry that our records were much better than those of the more fortunate stations. As both Bristol and Birmingham obtained clear records of the gun waves, our negative result confirmed the existence of the silence zone.

It will naturally be asked why so much trouble should be taken about the sound waves from a gun. The answer is that the mysterious atmospheric layers at heights of twenty miles or more, which make it possible to detect sound waves at great distances and play an important part in the distant transmission of wireless waves, probably affect us vitally in other ways. Scientific workers are obtaining information

about them by various methods and the results of these sound wave experiments will help in the general advance towards a solution of the mystery. It is clearly the duty and the privilege of a university college to take part in scientific work of this kind.

H. STANSFIELD.



"I felt the Vacancy of His Presence."—*Walter de la Mare.*

(*By kind permission of the Bournemouth Poetry Society.*)

Content and thoughtless, happily
I roam'd the earth, I swept the sea,
For visibly
Love was with me.

Riches of green, blue, gold and flame ;
I cared not for their Author's name !
Wanton and gay
I sang all day.

But swift and sudd'n—no word was heard—
Died scent of flower and song of bird ;
Miasmic reek
Crept o'er my cheek.


All earth was made a glaring Void,
A want of Love ! And where I joy'd
Cold o'er my soul
Dank gloom did roll.

Then far the hideousness above
I felt the Vacancy of Love !
And absent still
Love ruled o'er ill.

MARY T. de LAUTOUR.



At The Dolphin.

EW hostelrys in the provinces can have had so interesting a succession of historical and literary associations as that which the Dolphin, in the High Street of Southampton can boast. There have been changes and replacements of the structure during the centuries, it is true, but it has always been the Dolphin, and an attempt is here made to indicate, in episodic fashion, some of its more notable links with the past, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of Queen Victoria.

Episode the First.—An expedition, nominally in search of the north-west passage, but essentially a commercial undertaking, was organised to set out from Southampton Water in the spring of 1582, under the leadership of Edward Fenton. The Earl of Leicester subscribed £2,200 and Sir Francis Drake £660 to the venture. Fenton, as Admiral, was to command the *Galleon Leicester* and Luke Ward was to sail in the *Edward Bonaventure* as Vice-Admiral. The Reverend Richard Maddox, chaplain of the *Leicester*, was to act as official recorder of the voyage. Those who were to take part in it assembled in the latter part of April at Southampton, and on the 24th, we learn from the chaplain's diary, certain of the officers dined and slept "at ye dolphin." For company at dinner they had some of the merchants who were interested in the expedition, and while they were at the inn they received what seems to have been a surprise visit

from Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He was in a bad humour, for he "was offended because they had bought luke wardes barque." But his intervention had no effect. The *Leicester*, the *Edward Bonaventure*, and two small vessels duly put out from Netley Road on the 1st May, and in Hakluyt we have Luke Ward's account of what he calls a "troublesome voyage," in which no attempt was made to discover the north-west passage, nor was there any commercial gain.

But what was Sir Humphrey Gilbert doing in Southampton at this time, and why was he so angry with the company at the Dolphin? Well, he was in the town for the furtherance of his own favourite project, and I can only conjecture that the purchase of "luke wardes barque" for the Fenton voyage interfered in some way with the plans which he had formed. But he was again there in August, when he was sworn a burgess of Southampton, and before the end of the year he had succeeded in persuading fifty local merchants and others to take shares in his great scheme for the colonisation of Newfoundland on the one hand and the revival of the fortunes of Southampton on the other. The expedition, which sailed in June, 1583, resulted in the planting of the first English colony in the New World, but the great design came to an end with the death of Gilbert on the return voyage, and the Southampton and other adventurers got nothing for their money.

Episode the Second.—In pursuance of his determination to enforce conformity, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, instituted a metropolitan visitation, and in June, 1635, his Vicar-General, Sir Nathaniel Brent, Warden of Merton College, Oxford, arrived in Southampton with his fellow-commissaries, Dr. William Lewis, Dr. Benjamin Laney, and Dr. Edward Standley. They held their enquiry in "a certain high chamber" called—the Dolphin. The Mayor, John Guillaume, sent to Sir Nathaniel an offer of the honorary burgess-ship of Southampton, but he refused it because his worship did not come to visit him in person. Amongst those who were examined at the Dolphin was Daniel Sauvage, minister of the French Church in Winkle Street. In reply to interrogatories he informed the commissaries that he had ministered there for two years, and that about fifteen families ordinarily frequented the same. Of these, six were aliens and the others were natives of England. He added that he used only the catechism of the French Church, and that on Sunday afternoons he preached on "useful questions" derived from that book. The Vicar-General enjoined that all natives of England should in future attend their parish churches. Aliens would

be allowed their present liberty until the Archbishop should otherwise order. To the Primate he reported that he had discovered no Puritans in Southampton on whom anything could be fastened. "Yet there are many that do straggle to other parish churches from their own."

Within a few years the Archbishop was holding a visitation of Merton College, for the administration of which Brent himself was responsible, and found things there in a very unsatisfactory condition. But Brent apparently took no pains to set his house in order, and when Laud was himself brought to trial, his former Vicar-General was one of the chief witnesses against him.

Episode the Third.—In 1634 Southampton was called upon to furnish a ship, armed and victualled, to aid in the suppression of the Turkish and other sea rovers. Three years later an English expedition to deliver from slavery the captives of the Barbary pirates was assisted towards its end by a civil war amongst the Moors, which led the King of Morocco to give up about 270 of the prisoners in return for the neutrality of the English fleet, and in 1638 that potentate sent an ambassador to England. He landed from Southampton Water, and sought lodgings at—the Dolphin. Whereupon the Mayor, Arthur Bromfield, and "the whole body of the corporation" waited upon him there, and having saluted him, conducted him to the Watergate. The Mayor then led him to his own house, where he "presented him with a banquet," after which the ambassador was escorted back to the Dolphin "where being entered he kindly gave Mr. Mayor and the company thanks and took everyone by the hand and told Mr. Mayor his kind entertainment should be related to the King of England."

Episode the Fourth.—During the Seven Years' War, Edward Gibbon became a captain in the Hampshire Militia. His battalion moved from place to place in Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and Kent, coming finally, in June, 1762, to what Gibbon calls "the fashionable resort of Southampton." He wound up his first day there by supping at—the Dolphin, afterwards repairing to very good lodgings which he had hired in the High Street at a guinea a week. Later on, he and his fellow officers set up house for themselves in the town. In October, Gibbon was admitted a burgess of Southampton, in consideration of his father having once represented the borough in Parliament, and to celebrate his enrolment he gave a dinner to the corporation and his fellow officers in the old Assembly Rooms, where a company of forty-eight was feasted at a cost to Gibbon—or rather his father—"of only thirteen pounds odd money."

But it should be added that one of the Aldermen supplied the turtle, which was a "very fine" one. At length, in November, came news of preliminaries of peace, and in December, 1762, the corps was dissolved. The officers celebrated this event by dining with their Colonel, Sir Thomas Worsley, at—the Dolphin. Gibbon welcomed the break-up. His militia duties had left him little leisure for study, and he had found his fellow officers, with few exceptions, men of "no manners," "no conversation," and "low behaviour." But on the other hand, the experience helped to anglicise him after his foreign education. It had compelled him to observe the operation of "our civil and military system." Moreover, "the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion" gave him "a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion," and "the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers" was not useless to "the historian of the Roman Empire."

Episode the Fifth.—Soon after the death of her father, Jane Austen, with her mother and her sister Cassandra, came to live in Southampton, where they settled in Castle Square. We know how fond of dancing Jane was, but we do not hear of her indulging in it here until towards the close of her residence in the town. Then, late in 1808, she apparently became a subscriber to the winter assemblies which were held in the Long Room at—the Dolphin, with William Lynne, Esquire, as M.C. "An increase in amusement," she wrote, "is quite in keeping with our approaching removal," and she announced her intention of going to as many balls as possible so that she might "have a good bargain" on her subscription. In point of fact, she went to two. She had danced in the same room fifteen years previously, and finding herself there once more Jane felt thankful that "in spite of the shame of being so much older," she was "quite as happy now as then." At the assembly was a gentleman whom Jane had once met with Captain Corbet D'Auvergne, brother of Philip D'Auvergne, Prince de Bouillon. She had not learnt his name, but since then she had kept up a bowing acquaintance with him. "Being pleased with his black eyes," she spoke to him at the ball, and he asked her to dance. But she still did not get his name, and, she told Cassandra, "he seems so little at home in the English language that I believe his black eyes may be the best of him." At the second assembly which Jane attended, "Captain D'Auvergne's friend appeared in regimentals." He does not seem to have asked her to dance on this occasion, but Mr. John Harrison, a young Oxford man, did so. "Everything went well, you see," wrote Jane to her sister, "especially after we had tucked Mrs. Lance's neckerchief in behind and fastened it with a pin."

There is no further record of Jane taking part in the recreation that she had loved so well, and it may perhaps not unreasonably be inferred that she danced her last dance in the Long Room at the Dolphin.

Episode the Sixth.—William Makepeace Thackeray first landed in England from Southampton Water. He saw the Regent's yacht lying there, and the bed on which his Royal Highness breathed "his royal snore." He and his cousins the Shakespears received their first schooling from a "horrible little tyrant" in the Polygon at Southampton, who made their lives so miserable that Thackeray used to kneel by his little bed at night and say: "Pray God I may dream of my mother." In later years he had more agreeable experiences of the town. In August, 1850, we find his two daughters and their governess sharing house at Park Lodge with Thackeray's friends the Brookfields—an arrangement which Thackeray himself had suggested—and when he came down to Southampton to see his children he took rooms at—the Dolphin. It seems to have been his habit during this visit to work in his rooms at the inn until dinner-time, and then go to Park Lodge to dine. He stayed in Southampton longer than he had intended. He was in the middle of a new number of the novel that he was then writing, and made better progress than he had expected. But at last he had to return to town in order "to see his number out."

It was an instalment of *Pendennis* that Thackeray had been writing in his rooms at the Dolphin.

Episode the Seventh.—The election of 1868 in Southampton was an unusually exciting contest. The Right Hon. Russell Gurney, Q.C., a Conservative, and George Moffatt, a Liberal, had represented the Borough in the last Parliament. They were again putting up, with Peter Merrik Hoare as a second Conservative, and Admiral Frederick Augustus Maxse as a Radical candidate. The Liberal-Radical headquarters were at the Royal Hotel, and the Conservative at—the Dolphin. The campaign was distinguished by the fact that George Meredith, a close friend of Admiral Maxse, actively assisted him in the canvass. But the Dolphin men carried the day, and Maxse was left at the bottom of the poll. Some years later Meredith made this election the central incident of what seems to have been his favourite amongst his own novels—*Beauchamp's Career*, in which the hero is Admiral Maxse with variations, other people are other people with variations, and the "ancient and famous port of Bevissham" is Southampton. The Liberal-Radical hotel—the Royal, which Meredith styles the White Hart—figures frequently in the

story. The Conservative headquarters—the Dolphin—have rather to be assumed by the reader, but it was presumably in the party inn that, “at four o’clock on a sultry afternoon,” Captain Baskett, one of the successful candidates, entertained some of his Bevisham supporters, pledging them “in English hotel champagne, sherry and claret.” “At seven,” we are told, “he was rid of them, but parched and heated, as he deserved to be, he owned, for drinking the poison. It would be a good subject for Parliament if he could get it up, he reflected.” But this indictment is obviously of general application, and not specifically anti-Dolphin.

Meredith is clearly drawing upon his own experience during the canvass when he tells us how Lord Palmet found himself following Beauchamp and his supporter, Mr. Tomlinson, “into a tolerably spacious house that he took to be the old gentleman’s, until some of the apparatus of an institute for literary and scientific instruction revealed itself to him, and he heard Mr. Tomlinson exalt the memory of one Wingham for the blessing bequeathed by him to the town of Bevisham. ‘For,’ said Mr. Tomlinson, ‘it is open to both sexes, to all respectable classes, from ten in the morning up to ten at night. Such a place affords us, I would venture to say, the advantages without the seductions of a club. I rank it next—at a far remove, but next—the church.’”

But how far removed was it from a University?

Strenuis ardua cedunt.

J. W. HORROCKS.



Homage to Hardy.

I

By Francis Macnamara.

From an Album presented to Thomas Hardy.

*(Reprinted by kind permission of "The Wessex Review"
and the Bournemouth Poetry Society.)*

Diviner of homely earth and loves profane,
True kingship you have won at the ancient source :
To value abroad let merchants have recourse,
No mines they open mineral or humane.
Sure, in some Dorset down, to a fairy strain,
You nightly enter a portal hid by gorse ;
Where souls of farm and village in glad divorce
Their lover in life now wait to entertain.
The grape that hung of the Greenwood Tree a food
For children, and lay in ferment of remorse
Deep-cellar'd in the Obscurity of Jude,—
Its fire to poetry leaves Dynastic feud,
Implacable as of Wessex with the Norse,
With puppets hoping tragedy to elude.

II

BECAUSE HE UNDERSTANDS WOMAN.

By Margaret Eyres.

Critics have approved you, crowds applauded,
Rendered homage, fitly called you Master,
Now a woman praises :
Wonderful indeed, a man who knows me !

Woo'd you then so well the cold-eyed mistress
Followed by the poet and the hero ?
Died you then a thousand deaths to find her,
Shedding heart's blood on your native heather ;
Loved her at the last with such a splendour
That she yielded you her strangest secret ?
Not her flowers only ;
Bitter seed as well, and final fruitage.

Now must woman praise you for your knowledge.
Other men indeed have judged and written,
Crowning her with fretting thorn or halo;
You above them all have read her truly,
Sensitive to faintliest beating pulses;
Traced her fevers home to struggling spirit;
Seen her and absolved her,
Set her free from weight of shame or splendour.

III

By S. L. James.

Come, let us walk through Wessex ways, and climb
Creech Barrow for its all-embracing view!
The varied landscape like a living map
Or ancient print, horizon-wide and quaint
With far-off formal trees, before us spreads.
New Sandbourne yellow-cliffed, the tidal lake
Of Havenpool, grim Egdon's heath-clad mounds;
Blue fading hills beyond the sleeping Grange,
The sea and Purbeck's limestone spine behind.
Enough to inspire a poet-patriot!
So Wessex filled the songs of William Barnes;
Again of Thomas Hardy songs and tales,
Enriching so our time, that homage now
To him our happy duty 'tis to pay.
Who else as he this kingdom can describe,
And at our hearths or wandering in far clime
Its scenes before us bring? for ever he
Its people has preserved, its secrets won,
And conjured up from every nook its ghost.
Inevitably moving, tragedies,
Unfolding surely with a fateful force!
Idyllic tales and rustic elegies,
Keen satire, bitter mirth, and matchless fools
As rich in wit as any Shakespeare drew!
Who now can pace o'er *Egdon's* tragic heath,
Where *Lear's* distracted spirit well might haunt,
And to its Native not give thought? surprise
Would scarce assail us if at eve we saw
A barrow crowned with flame, and in its glare

Encountered *Venn* or sad *Eustacia Vye*.
Who could not in this russet-tawny land
That poem visualise of British wraith,
Pale lamp-light, floating moths, the faithless wife ?
Grey *Casterbridge* brings *Henchard* to our mind,
While *Kingsbere's* roof and *Woodbridge Manor House*
And *Bindon's Abbey*, mid whose flower-strewn grass
And ruined walls stone coffins empty lie,
Are eloquent of *Tess* and *Angel Clare*.
Fair *Ethelberta* under *Corvesgate's* keep,
St. Cleve and *Vivietta* upon their tower,
Bathsheba's burning ricks and coffined guest,
The Strangers three by *Higher Crowstair's* hearth,
Dunkery frowning on the sacrilege,
The blue-eyed maid on *Endelstow's* dark cliffs
Unwillingly enthroned upon a tomb,
Then well beloved, with viol and serpent armed
Within some church's mouldering gallery,
Discoursing music quaint and quainter words,
We see and hear the far-famed village choir.
A bunch of fragrant Wessex memories,
At random culled from such a wealth of flowers !
Fit honour to the gardener who could pay ?







THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS HARDY

*From a Water-colour by Alfred H. Hart
(reproduced by kind permission of the Artist)*

The Wessex of Thomas Hardy.



REGIONAL literature may be said to be one of the most significant and, apparently, most enduring products of the Romantic Revival. At a comparatively early period in that movement, the artistic value of the life, habits, and history of particular localities was amply demonstrated. Thus Robert Burns owed his inspiration in great part to the peasants of Ayrshire; Sir Walter Scott showed Europe the scarcely regarded treasures stored up in the life and traditions of Scotland; Maria Edgeworth gave expression to the sufferings and wrongs of the rack-rented peasantry of Ireland; Wordsworth, by blending fact and imagination, called a new philosophy of life and nature into being amid the mountains of the Lake District. And the work done by the Brontës for the Yorkshire moors is being continued—with a difference—by Arnold Bennett for the Potteries; by Sheila Kaye-Smith for Sussex; and by many others of greater or lesser note.

But the work of no author is more inseparably bound up with a single region than that of Thomas Hardy. So intimate is the connection, that it is difficult to decide whether Wessex created Hardy, or Hardy created Wessex. Both statements are true in a sense. For him Wessex always sufficed, and it is Wessex which made him a great artist. Witness his lines *On an Invitation to the United States* :—

My ardours for emprise nigh lost
 Since Life has bared its bones to me,
 I shrink to seek a modern coast
 Whose riper times have yet to be ;
 Where the new regions claim them free
 From that long drip of human tears
 Which peoples old in tragedy
 Have left upon the centuried years.
 For winning in these ancient lands,
 Enchased and lettered as a tomb,
 And scored with prints of perished hands,
 And chronicled with dates of doom,
 Though my own Being bear no bloom
 I trace the lives such scenes enshrine,
 Give past exemplars present room,
 And their experience count as mine.

These lines illustrate in a very impressive way an imaginative grandeur in Hardy's conception of locality, which marks him off from all his predecessors. Whether we ascribe it to the modern historical spirit or to the cast of his own genius, Wessex is not for him like a sheet of

paper fresh from the mills and covered with characters whose meaning can be exhausted at a glance: it is rather, to use the author's own figure, a palimpsest, that is to say, a piece of ancient parchment "scored with the prints of perished hands," hallowed, as it were, by the traces of the past history of man and nature, which stretches back into immemorial antiquity, and fully legible only to a mind quickened by passionate sympathy and love for earth and its children.

Herein lies the significance of Hardy's choice of the name Wessex—a word which by its very sound links the past with the present, conjures up before our mind's eye the panorama of history which lies behind or beneath the life of to-day. The word "Wessex" recalls to our mind the fifth century when the Roman province of Britain became the spoil of Cerdic and his brethren; when the half-Romanised Celt yielded place to the Anglo-Saxon, and Teutonic heathendom replaced for a time the religion of the Cross. Or it recalls the winning back again of Britain, now England, by missionaries from Rome and Ireland, whose devotion to religion and learning brought the still-barbarous Teutonic world into the civilisation of Greece and the Roman Empire. Sherborne in Wessex was the home of the first great scholar of England, St. Aldhelm, and Nursling was the house which gave to Germany her apostolic missionary in St. Boniface. Above all, Wessex suggests Alfred the Great, and that heroic struggle against the Danes, which may be said to mark the final triumph of religion and civilisation over Pagan barbarity. Henceforward, though there was many a black day to come in the reign of Ethelred, the victory of ordered life was certain, and the safety of faith and learning was assured. Wessex was the saviour of England, and her great monastic schools⁽¹⁾, Winchester, Glastonbury, Wimborne, and Sherborne—to name but a few—sent forth men, who were the pride of Anglo-Saxon England and of later days, into the life of Church and State. The literature of Anglo-Saxon England is very largely the literature of Wessex, for with few exceptions Anglo-Saxon poetry has been preserved to us by West Saxon scribes, and practically the whole of Anglo-Saxon prose is written in the language of Wessex. Alfred and Aelfric, the two most renowned writers of Anglo-Saxon prose, were both born and bred in Wessex.

The greatness of Wessex was eclipsed by the Norman Conquest; but though Winchester now ceased to be the focus of national life, Wessex has always borne a worthy part in the life of greater England. Few districts can show more numerous specimens of beautiful architecture than Wessex: few (in proportion to the population) can show

(1) See Leach, *The Schools of Mediæval England*.

a longer roll of names famous in literature and learning, and in the arts of war and statesmanship. Even to this day her great public schools are famous, and she worthily maintains her renown as a nurse of daring sea-men and pioneers, and men famous in all the activities of national life.

But it would be a very serious injustice to suppose that by "Wessex" Hardy means only the Wessex of the political historians, or to imagine that his interest in its past was inspired mainly by the part it has played in the national life of England. Far from it: his interest is of the most comprehensive kind imaginable. It includes in its range not only the past history of man, but the study of nature in all its aspects. In the *Wessex Novels* man is part of a natural environment which exerts an incalculable influence upon his habits, his temperament, his character—nay, even his very destiny. The human characters, chameleon-like, take on the hues of their surroundings, which it is not fanciful to regard as actors in the novels. Nature in all her moods has an irresistible fascination for Hardy, and his genius for description is seen at its very best in passages describing the endless cycle of the seasons—the infinite vitality of spring, the passionate sensuousness of summer, the tinted opulence of autumn, or winter in her moods of austere quiescence or unrestrained anger. No one has known better how to suggest the mystery and awe pervading the natural world, or to give to the woods and fields, the heaths and hills, a personality which precludes us from regarding them simply as the helpless, inanimate concomitants of human life, but rather as sentient beings empowered to hound mortals to destruction in their hate, or to protect and cherish them in their love. Again and again we feel that Hardy's pages are shadowed by that spirit of primitive animism which permeates W. H. Hudson's story of *The Old Thorn*. The woods are haunted by ghosts of the past and present—mysterious sights only to be accounted for by supernatural agency—white witches and black witches—"spirits returning to their old quarters at the rate of a cock's stride every New Year's Day, Old Style." But side by side with this grim, mysterious world of spirits let us place this picture of the same woods:

"Melbury mounted on the other side, and they drove on out of the grove, their wheels silently crushing delicate-patterned mosses, hyacinths, primroses, lords-and-ladies, and other strange and common plants. . . . Their way homeward ran along the flank of Dogbury Hill, whence below them they beheld a wide valley, differing both in feature and atmosphere from that of the Hintock precincts. It was the cider country which met the woodland district on the sides of this hill. Over the vale the air was blue as sapphire—such a blue as outside that apple-valley was never seen. Under the blue the orchards were in a blaze of pink bloom, some of the richly-flowered trees running almost up to where they drove along."

This is a spring-piece. Let us put beside it a description of an early summer morning from *Tess* :

"The spectral, half-compounded aqueous light which pervaded the open mead, impressed them with a feeling of isolation, as if they were Adam and Eve. . . . The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay, often made him think of the Resurrection hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side. Whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the north-east. . . . At these non-human hours they could get close to the water-fowl. Herons came, with a great bold noise as of opening doors and shutters, out of the boughs of a plantation which they frequented at the side of the mead ; or, if already on the spot, hardly maintained their standing in the water as the pair walked by, watching them by moving their heads round in a slow, horizontal, passionless wheel, like the turn of puppets by clockwork. . . . Or perhaps the summer fog was more general, and the meadows lay like a white sea, out of which the scattered trees rose like dangerous rocks. Birds would soar through it into upper radiance and hang on the wing sunning themselves, or alight on the wet rails subdividing the mead, which now shone like glass rods."

Contrast this with the description in the *Woodlanders* "of the bleared white visage of a sunless winter day emerging like a dead-born child."

But Wessex has her sterner moods in days of November storm :

"Gusts in innumerable series followed each other from the north-west, and when each one of them raced past the sound of its progress resolved into three. Treble, tenor, and bass-notes were to be found therein. The general ricochet of the whole over pits and prominences had the gravest pitch of the chime. Next there could be heard the baritone buzz of a holly tree. Below these in force, above them in pitch, a dwindled voice strove hard at a husky tune, which was the peculiar local sound alluded to. . . . Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain to the throat of four-score and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery . . . it was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and these were neither stems, leaves, fruit, blades, prickles, lichen nor moss. They were the mummied heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colourless by Michaelmas rains, and dried to dead skins by October suns. One inwardly saw the infinity of those combined multitudes and perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater. 'The spirit moved them.' A meaning of the phrase forced itself upon the attention ; and an emotional listener's fetichistic mood might have ended in one of more advanced quality."

One might quote dozens of passages marked by a similar sensitiveness and delicacy of perception in which every mood and aspect of

nature in Wessex is caught and given enduring expression by the magic of art :

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Hitherto we have kept close to the bosom of Mother Earth, but we must not forget that over Wessex, as over the rest of the world, there brood the infinities of the heavens, exercising intangible but weighty influence in moulding the spirit of man. Consider for a moment the artistic effect of the description of the midnight sky on the eye of St. Thomas in that almost perfect scene where we are shown *Gabriel Oak* at his lonely vigil among the sheep on *Norcombe Hill*.

The time is midnight, the date the shortest day in the year, the scene a half-wooded, half-naked hill, whose summit is covered with a sheet of fathomless shade. The thin grasses are touched by the wind in breezes of differing power, over which the trees on the right and left wail or chant in the regular antiphonies of a cathedral choir. And brooding over all are the eternal stars.

"The Dog-Star and Aldebaran, pointing to the restless Pleiades, were half-way up the Southern sky, and between them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth over the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine were almost on the meridian : the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west ; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs."

And beneath the shining heavens is a lonely hut, and in it a man, *Gabriel Oak*, busied in trying to keep the faint spark of life in a newly-born lamb ! In sharp contrast to the lonely immensities of space there is the interior of the shepherd's hut :

"cosy and alluring, and the scarlet handful of fire in addition to a candle, reflecting its own genial colour upon whatever it could reach, flung associations of enjoyment even over tools and utensils. In the corner stood the sheep-crook, and along a shelf at one side were ranged bottles and canisters of the simple preparations pertaining to ovine surgery and physic ; spirits of wine, turpentine, tar, magnesia, ginger and castor-oil being the chief. On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay a flute."

And outside resounded the "antiphonies of the winds" ; and over and above "the kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called *Capella* was yellow, *Aldebaran* and *Betelgueux* shone with a fiery red."

In placing these passages side by side, Hardy suggests the puny transience of mortal life compared with the apparent indestructibility, immortality, and might of man's natural environment.

We have given some of the characteristics of external nature in Wessex, but only a few out of an infinite variety. You must read not only the novels but also the poems of Hardy to gain an adequate notion of the loving care with which he has studied, and of the scrupulous accuracy with which he has noted and interpreted even the most fugitive expressions of the face of the district upon which he concentrated all his great powers of mind and heart. It may seem to some that such genius was wasted in a world so small. But Hardy has shown us that in the sequestered life of rural Wessex we have a miniature of the greater world, and that even this limited region is capable of yielding to the imagination of genius ample material for the exhibition of the play of those conflicting emotions, passions and motives out of which the complex web of human nature is woven. In these places, far removed from the life of our great cities, "dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein."

And the actors in these dramas are no children of a new-born day, but the offspring of hoary antiquity—the product of successive levels of civilisation, each of which has left its impress upon their minds and philosophy of life, their temperaments, their tools and utensils, their dwellings, nay, even the very fields they cultivate. To understand the people of Wessex, you must know "all about these invisible ones of the days gone by, whose feet have traversed the fields which look so grey; recall whose creaking plough has turned those sods from time to time; whose hands planted the trees that form the crest to the opposite hill; whose horses and hounds have torn through that underwood; what birds affect that particular brake; what bygone domestic dramas of love, jealousy, revenge or disappointment have been enacted in the cottages, the mansions, the street or on the green." Everywhere in Wessex we are haunted by the ghost of the past—a past which lives and shares in the life of the present. Hardy is speaking for himself as well as for *Clym Yeobright* when he says:

"His imagination would people the spot with its ancient inhabitants: forgotten Celtic tribes trod their tracks around him, and he could almost live among them, look in their faces, see them standing beside the barrows which swelled around, untouched and perfect as at the time of their erection."

It is no accident that Stonehenge, "where the east-ward pillars and architraves stood up blankly against the light, and the great flame-

shaped Sun-Stone beyond them ; and the Stone of Sacrifice midway," should have been chosen as the scene of the culmination of the sufferings of *Tess*. It was a spot consecrated by the spirit of sacrifice, whose grim monoliths had witnessed unspeakable tragedies in the far-away dim past of man's childhood, and now looked down upon another human victim claimed by an inscrutable Destiny.

A similar penetration of the present by the past marks *Casterbridge*, or Dorchester, the scene of the tragedy of *Michael Henchard's* life :

"Casterbridge announced Old Rome in every street, alley and precinct. It looked Roman, bespoke the art of Rome, concealed dead men of Rome. It was impossible to dig more than a foot or two deep about the town fields and gardens without coming upon some tall soldier or other of the Empire, who had lain there in his silent, unobtrusive rest for a pace of fifteen hundred years."

"Here was the great amphitheatre, melancholy, impressive, lonely, pervaded with sinister associations of sanguinary gladiatorial games, where, as late as 1705, 'a woman who had murdered her husband was half-strangled and then burnt in the presence of ten thousand spectators.'"

We feel no surprise when we are told that

"at certain moments in the summer time, in broad daylight, persons sitting with a book, or dazing in the arena, had, on lifting their eyes, beheld the slopes lined with a gazing legion of Hadrian's soldiery as if watching the gladiatorial combat ; and had heard the roar of their excited voices ; that the scene would remain but for a moment, like a lightning flash, and then disappear."

But *Casterbridge* also contained *Mixen Lane* :

"Mixen Lane was the Adullam of the surrounding villages. It was the hiding place of those who were in distress, and in debt, and trouble of every kind. Farm-labourers and other peasants, who combined a little poaching with their farming, and a little brawling and bibbing with their poaching, found themselves sooner or later in Mixen Lane. . . . Vice ran freely in and out certain of the doors of the neighbourhood ; recklessness dwelt under the roof with the crooked chimney ; shame in some bow-windows ; theft (in times of privation) in the thatched and mud-walled houses by the gallows. Even slaughter had not been altogether unknown here. In a block of cottages up an alley there might have been erected an altar to disease in years gone by."

We find the same blend of the old and the new in the religion and customs of the Wessex peasantry. Hardy tells us that the impulses of all outlandish hamlets are pagan still :

"In these spots homage to nature, self-adoration, frantic gaieties, fragments of Teutonic rites to divinities whose names are forgotten, seem in some way or another to have survived mediæval doctrine."

"Tess Durbeyfield with her trained national teachings and standard knowledge under an infinitely Revised Code is separated by a gap of two hundred years from her mother, with her fast-perishing lumber of superstitions, folk-lore, dialect,

orally transmitted ballads and her fetichistic fear, which prevented her ever allowing that grimy, oft-consulted volume, the *Compleat Fortune-Teller*, even to stay in the house all night."

Reference to magic, witchcraft and other superstitious beliefs and practices which relate the mental life of the rustic to that of his pre-historic and mediaeval forbears are frequent in the novels. Thus, when the butter refuses to rise in the churn, *Dairyman Crick's* thoughts instinctively fly to *Conjuror Trendle*, while others of his helpers recommend *Conjuror Mynterne* or *Conjuror Fall* who lived on "tother side of Casterbridge." It is to this same *Conjuror Fall*, popularly known as *Wide-Oh*, that *Michael Henchard* in his hour of need betakes himself, like a second Saul to another Witch of Endor. This belief in the efficacy of magic and sorcery is particularly prevalent round Egdon Heath. There *Susan Nonsuch*, believing that *Eustacia Vye* is bewitching her children, seizes a favourable opportunity of plunging a stocking needle into her arm. Finding this drastic remedy unavailing, she has recourse to the time-honoured practice of sympathetic magic. She makes a wax-image of *Eustacia*, and dresses it up to resemble her enemy as closely as possible. Then "seizing with the tongs the image that she has made of *Eustacia*, she held it in the heat, and watched it as it began to waste slowly away. And while she stood thus engaged there came from between her lips a murmur of words. It was a strange jargon—the Lord's Prayer repeated backwards—the incantation usual in proceedings for obtaining unhallowed assistance against an enemy."

Another primeval custom referred to is the practice of sitting up on old Midsummer Eve to see who your future husband is going to be. *Mrs. Penny* will describe it for us:

"I sat up, quite determined to see if John Wildway was going to marry me or no. I put the bread-and-cheese and cider quite ready, as the witch's book ordered, and I opened the door, and I waited till the clock struck twelve, my nerves all alive and so strained that I could feel every one of 'em twitching like the bell-wires. Yes, sure! And when the clock had struck, lo and behold, I could see through the door a *little small* man in the lane wi' a showmaker's apron on."

Hardy also frequently refers to Teutonic mythology. In the course of a few pages in the *Woodlanders* he mentions *Ginnung-Gap*, *Loke the Malicious*, and elsewhere there are references to the *Jotuns* and other relics of Teutonic heathendom, which would repay collection.

With these primordial beliefs there is blended the half-assimilated doctrines of the newer Faith, which even yet cannot be said to have replaced the older order. The existence of the ancient creed of fatalism is apparent in all the novels, and as a rule it proves stronger than the teaching of the Christian Church. "What is to be, will be," is in the

vast majority of cases a just summary of the rustic's creed. "Most of his friends would have heartily assented to *Dick Dewey's* pronouncement: 'If we be doomed to marry, we marry; if we be doomed to remain single, we do,' and have given it a wider application."

This trait of the rustic mind is by no means always linked with the darker side of human nature. Belief in the power of divination leads by an easy transition in *Far from the Madding Crowd* to the fun and frolic of St. Valentine's Day:

"On the table lay an old quarto Bible, bound in leather. Liddy looking at it, said:

'Did you ever find out, miss, who you are going to marry by means of the Bible and key?'

'Don't be so foolish, Liddy. As if such things could be.'

'Well, there's a good deal in it all the same.'

'Nonsense, child.'

'And it makes your heart beat fearful. Some believe in it; some don't: I do.'

'Very well, let's try it,' said Bathsheba, bounding from her seat. . . .

'Go and get the front door key.' . . .

The book was opened. . . . The special verse in the Book of Ruth was sought out by Bathsheba, and the sublime words met her eye. . . . A rusty patch immediately upon the verse, caused by pressure of an iron substance thereon, told that this was not the first time the old volume had been used for this purpose. 'Now keep steady, and be silent,' said Bathsheba. The verse was repeated; the book turned round; Bathsheba blushed guiltily."

You know the sequel, how *Bathsheba* suddenly remembers it is St. Valentine's Day, and after deciding to toss a hymn-book instead of a coin to find out whether *Teddy Coggan* or *Farmer Boldwood* is to be the recipient of her valentine with the seal "Marry Me," light-heartedly sends it to *Farmer Boldwood*, greatly to the detriment of his and her own peace of mind.

But that the life of the peasantry has its lighter side, is also made abundantly clear in the *Wessex Novels*. The vivid descriptions of the November bonfires and of the dancing round the Maypole, in the *Return of the Native*, show that life, even on *Egdon Heath*, was far from being unrelieved tragedy; and the idyllic picture in *Tess* of the May-dance of the maids of *Marlott*—clad in white, each with a peeled willow-wand in her right hand and in her left a bunch of white flowers—is an echo from an older, less sophisticated, merrier England, which serves to throw into relief the sombre world of the novel. The "Skimmity Ride" described in the *Mayor of Casterbridge* recalls a less attractive side of our ancestors' character. More amiable and more innocent is the uproarious fun of the old country party, such as that given by *Gabriel Oak* in honour of *Grace Melbury*, or better still the Christmas Party at *Tranter Dewy's*. It is impossible to

reproduce the inimitable scene here, but you will be able to form some notion of the abandon and zest with which they danced when you recall the Tranter's proposal :

"that twould be a right and proper plan for every martel man in the dance to pull off his jacket considering the heat."

and remember that, as the dancing went on :

"there was a time in the night when a guest could write his name on the dust which settled on the furniture—a bluish haze pervaded the atmosphere—and the very fiddlers as well as the dancers got red in the face."

Love of music characterizes the Wessex peasant. You may remember the contempt of the village choir for the new-fangled tonic-sol-fa in *Two on a Tower*. Nor were other arts forgotten. Was there not the Mummer's play in which *Eustacia Vye* took part, and sang :

"Here come I, a Turkish knight
Who learnt in Turkish land to fight ;
I'll fight this man with courage bold.
If his blood's hot, I'll make it cold."

One would like to linger over the description of *Mellstock Quire*, and accompany them on their round of carol-singing in the silence of the snow at midnight on Christmas Eve, and listen to them as they sing "some time-worn hymn embodying Christianity in words transmitted from father to son through several generations" :

"Remember Adam's fall,
O thou man :
Remember Adam's fall
From Heaven to Hell.
Remember Adam's fall
How he hath condemn'd all
In Hell perpetual
There for to dwell."

and hear again the swell of their voices in the triumphant close :

"Give thanks to God alway,
O thou Man :
Give thanks to God alway
With heart-most joy.
Give thanks to God alway
On this our joyful day :
Let all men sing and say,
Holy, Holy !"

Who can forget the description of the Christmas Sunday morning service in *Mellstock Church* with the old quire in the gallery, with :

"Old William (Dewy) sitting in the centre of the front row, his violincello between his knees and two singers on each hand. Behind him on the left, came the treble

singers and Dick ; and on the right the tranter and the tenors. Further back was Old Mail with the altos and supernumeraries."

As we read they live once more, and they seem to sing words of prayer and praise, as they used to sing in days gone by :

" *While shepherds watch their flocks by night*
Thus swells the long familiar sound
In many a quaint symphonic flight—
 To Glory shone around."

But now they are but memories, and have passed with the world they knew and loved :

" But the Mellstock quire of former years
Has entered into rest.
Old Dewy lies by the gaunt yew tree,
And Reuben and Michael a pace behind,
And Bowman with his family
By the wall that the ivies bind."

The names of many of the Wessex peasantry are haunted by the association of the past with the present. Behind lies many a tale of tragic decay. *Tess Durbeyfield* was the lineal descendant of the knightly *D'Urbervilles*; *Retty Priddle* was one of the *Paridelles*—an old family "that used to own lots of the lands out by King's Hintock, now owned by the Earl o' Wessex, afore even he or his was heard of." Families like the *Billetts* and the *Drenkhards*, the Greys, the *Hardys* and the *Goulds*, who used to own the lands for miles up and down the Vale of Blackmore, "you could buy 'em up now," as *Dairyman Crick* said, "for an old song a'most."

Can any part of England boast such a wealth of beautiful place-names as Wessex? Their history is the political and spiritual history of the land. There are names which go back to days before the Anglo-Saxon conquest—*Egdon*, *Velindra*, *Tintagel*, *Pilsdon Pen*; names brought to Wessex by Teutonic conquerors—*Melbury*, *Winterbourne*, *Langton*, *Bradford Thaxted*; names which conjoin the homely realism of the unimaginative Saxon with the dignity of the Roman Empire, or the mysterious majesty of the mediæval Church, and the grace and ordered beauty of Norman art and civilization—*Whitchurch Canonycorum*, *Bere Regis*, *Lytchett Maltravers*, *Toller Porcorum*, *Toller Fratrum*, *Ryme Intriseca*, *Milton Abbas*, *Hazelbury Brian*, *Minturne Magna* and *Stanton St. Gabriel*.⁽²⁾ The very sounds are suggestive of history and romance. No wonder that Arnold found in them "true spiritual analogies to the temper of their bestowers and employers."

(2) See *Introduction to the Survey of Place-Names*, Part I (Place-Names Society).

The homes and farm-buildings of Wessex proclaim the same intermingling of various streams of culture, and the vitality of the distant past in the life of the present. Hardy, as one would expect from his education, loves to dwell upon the significance of architecture; and an accent of emotion often seems to touch his pen as he tries to interpret its beauty. Take, for example, the description of the ruined castle of the *FitzPier's* family in the *Woodlanders*:

"The remains were few, and consisted mostly of remnants of the lower vaulting, supported on low stout columns surmounted by the *crochet* capital of the period. The two or three arches of these vaults that were still in position had been utilized by the adjoining farmer as shelter for his calves, the floor being spread with straw, amid which the young creatures rustled, cooling their thirsty tongues by licking the quaint Norman carving, which glistened with the moisture."⁽³⁾

Or note the almost caressing precision with which he sketches in every feature of the architecture of the great shearing-barn of Weatherbury in *Far from the Madding Crowd*—the large porches at its sides "lofty enough to admit a waggon laden to its highest with corn in sheaf," "the dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves and diagonals," the range of striding buttresses throwing deep shadows on the spaces between them, which were perforated by lancet openings, "lanceolate windows, the time-eaten arch-stones and champfers, the orientation of the axis, the misty chestnut work of the rafters, referred to no exploded fortifying art or worn-out religious creed. The defence and salvation of the body by daily bread is still a study, a religion, a desire."

And beside these we have more humble interiors like the house of *Tranter Dewy* in *Under the Greenwood Tree*, with its flagstone floor sprinkled with yellow sand, or the malt-house in *Far from the Madding Crowd*, "lighted by the ruddy glow from the kiln-mouth. . . . The stone-flag floor worn into a path from the doorway to the kiln, and into undulations every-where. A curved settle of plane oak stretching along one side, and in a remote corner a small bed and bedstead"; the cottage homes of *Marty South* and *Giles Winterbourne* in the *Woodlanders*, and many more—but all reflecting perfectly the circumstances and temper of the occupants, with quiet appropriateness and dignity which make more modern places like Budmouth and Bath seem vulgar by comparison. This aspect of Wessex life is summed up thus by the author:

"This picture of to-day in its frame of four hundred years ago did not produce that marked contrast between ancient and modern which is implied by the contrast of date. In comparison with cities, Weatherbury was inimitable. The citizen's *Then* is the rustic's *Now*. In London, twenty or thirty years ago are old times,

(3) A melancholy example of a similar kind, deserving to be scheduled as a national monument, exists at Cerne Abbas.

ten years, or five; in Weatherbury three or four score years were included in the mere present, and nothing less than a century set a mark on its face or tone. Five decades hardly modified the cut of a gaiter, the embroidery of a smock-frock, by the breath of a hair. Ten generations failed to alter the turn of a single phrase. In these Wessex nooks the busy outsider's ancient times are only old; his old times are still new; his present is futurity."

There still remains the most important feature of Wessex—its inhabitants. Society in Hardy is pre-eminently rural; he rarely invades the life of the towns. Even so large a town as *Casterbridge* "was the complement of the rural life around; not its urban opposite." Hardy, indeed, shows little or no interest in the more complicated emotions of town life, because he found that the fundamental passions of humanity could best be studied amid the tranquilities of the hills and fields and woods. His world here is a simple world, but only simple because all that seems irrelevant or unimportant has been removed, and we are left face to face with the dominant emotions of mankind. He has as it were reduced society to its ultimate elements—man and woman—and in the continuation of the species and the preservation of the individual he sees the *raison d'être* of all society. His favourite study is sex,⁽⁴⁾ that blind but powerful instinct, which is always providing for the survival of the race, and often sacrificing to this end the happiness of individuals. Many of the Wessex novels are a study of the eternal duel between this Will-to-Live of the Universe and the intelligence or reason of modern man.

Such a subject is in perfect harmony with the surroundings of Wessex, where there is so much that is simple and primitive in life; where the inhabitants are still chiefly engaged in agriculture and kindred pursuits; and where living is still the main object of life. The main problem of life with most of these countryfolk is to get mated: "to arrange themselves in groups of two, and form one of the molecules out of which the human race is built up." Hence springs anguish, fury, incessant agitation. Love the most powerful force in the universe is responsible for most of the complications, sufferings and disasters that mortals undergo. Thus, in the Preface to *Jude the Obscure*, we are informed that "the novel attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and disaster that may press in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity; to tell, without a mincing of words, of deadly war waged with old Apostolic desperation between flesh and spirit, and to point the tragedy of unfulfilled aims." And this war is just as relentless and devastating in its effects in the secluded vales of Wessex as in more crowded centres of population.

(4) In what follows I am deeply indebted to Dr. J. A. Hedgcock's *Thomas Hardy Penseur et Artiste*, which is probably the best study of Hardy which has yet appeared.

Not boskiest bow'r
When hearts are ill affin'd
Hath tree of pow'r
To shelter from the wind.

There are three main factors which complicate the problem of love in the novels. The first is that several persons may fall in love with the same individual. Secondly, the conventions or usages of society may oppose a barrier to possession of the beloved one, and nature may rebel. In the third place there is often a conflict between instinct and reason. From these factors spring most of the tragedies described by Hardy. But it is to the last-mentioned, the struggle between instinct and reason, that Hardy devotes the closest study; and the men and women may be classified on this basis. His characters may be graduated in a line beginning with the purely animal and rising to the almost completely intellectual—commencing with *Arabella* in *Jude*, or with *Alec D'Urberville*, and ending with a *Sue Bridehead* or an *Angel Clare*. A character like *Arabella* is the incarnation of unbridled desire, of the passion for reproduction. In greater or less proximity to her may be ranked the milkmaids in *Tess*, *Suke* in the *Woodlanders*, and women who count the world well lost for love, such as *Eustacia Vye*, *Lucetta*, *Felice Charmond*, and *Mrs. Aldclyffe*. In the last group, however, passion is to some extent mitigated and controlled by education and environment. But even in their case passion has the last word, and they are sacrificed on its altar.

At the other extreme is *Sue Bridehead*, though she also falls a victim. Her modern education impels her to match herself against the law of life, and she is defeated in the unequal contest. In others, like *Elizabeth Jane*, the cruel discipline of life almost kills their emotional nature and drives them to stoical repression.

Between these two extremes, we must place women like *Tess*, *Thomasin Yeobright*, *Bathsheba Everdene*, *Grace Melbury* and *Fancy Day*, most of whom are curiously alike in their emotional history. Like their sex in general, they are conscious of the power they possess over men, and anxious to exercise it. With Hardy, it is always the woman who makes the first advance, perhaps by a smile, a look or a word. At the same time these heroines are as capricious as the wind; they never hesitate to change their mind. Very naturally, they are fond of being admired, flattered, and loved; but they shrink from the idea of marriage, and fear, not always without reason, that passion may grow cold with possession. So their mind alters as they are swayed now by emotion, now by more practical considerations.

Thus *Bathsheba Everdene* runs after *Farmer Oak* to tell him she doesn't love him. By way of a jest, she sends a Valentine to *Farmer Boldwood* with the motto 'Marry Me.' She is betrothed to *Boldwood*, but marries *Sergeant Troy*. When *Troy* disappears, she again becomes engaged to *Boldwood*, but in the end she marries *Gabriel Oak*.

Externally at any rate, Hardy's men seem to offer a wider diversity than his women. Hardy like Chaucer, distinguishes his characters in the first instance by their occupations. *Wildev* is an engineer, *Henchard* a hay-trusser and a corn-merchant, *Gabriel Oak* a shepherd, *Troy* and *Loveday* are soldiers and so on. Obviously some of their pursuits are nearer to nature than others, but even the most highly educated among his men, are as much at the mercy of passion as the rustic. *Manson* and *FitzPiers* are more primitive in their instincts than less sophisticated souls like *Giles Winterbourne* and *Gabriel Oak*, and have far less self-control. The former have learned more of the conventions of society; but before the native instinct of their souls, they are more helpless than their uneducated neighbours. As is said of *Sergeant Troy*: "His reason and his propensities had seldom any reciprocating influence, having separated by mutual consent long ago."

Only the briefest summary of Hardy's male characters is possible. Beginning with the least attractive, though not always the least fascinating to their victims, we have *Manson*, *Alec D'Urberville*, *FitzPiers*, *Wildev*, *Troy* and their kind—all of them egotistical, false, and sensual, and all exploiters of woman-hood. Among the intellectuals may be grouped *Angel Clare*, *Knight*, *Stephen Smith*, and, with reservations, *Jude* and *St. Cleeve*. *Clym Yeobright*, *Gabriel Oak*, *Dick Dewy*, *John Loveday*, *Giles Winterbourne*, and *Diggory Venn* show the finest type Wessex can produce, all of them simple countrymen, modest, diffident of themselves, but imbued with an innate nobility and dignity of character and a sense of loyalty, which enables them to be faithful to love, in spite of rebuff and rejection. Specially attractive are Hardy's portraits of youth—*Swithin St. Cleeve*, the young astronomer, *Dick Dewy*, *Springrove* and *Farfrae*, all of whom are gifted with intelligence, children in their impulses, but old men in their reflections.

And lastly, we have the Wessex peasantry, the happiest, gayest, and healthiest physically and mentally of all her inhabitants, in spite of the hardness of their lot. These have found in Thomas Hardy the most sympathetic and clear-sighted of interpreters. He is in very evident sympathy with their point of view; he almost envies their freedom from absorption in the moral and intellectual problems which complicate the life of their more cultured compatriots. In describing them, Hardy avoids anything approaching grotesque realism. He

retains only sufficient of their dialect and favourite expressions to reveal the personality of the speaker. He usually places before us a group of rustics typical of their class, but in each group a few are singled out for special attention, in order that through them he may make clear to us the psychology of the peasant's mind, and enable us to comprehend their philosophy of life. In this way he teaches us that beneath the somewhat stupid countenance and unimpressive exterior there may exist stores of mother-wit, and long accumulated lore and an intelligent understanding of his own limited world, which cannot fail to command our respect.

Here Hardy gives full play to his humour, which is elsewhere kept under almost too strict control. There is a whole miscellany of humour in the description of the malt-house and its occupants in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The description of *Joseph Poorgrass*, for example, might have come from one of Shakespeare's plays.

To the same world, belong *Grandfer Cantle* and his son *Christian* in *The Return of the Native*.

Look at the old man dancing in the beams of the midnight bonfire on *Egdon Heath*, a figure of exquisite comedy, who has, unconsciously wandered into a world of tragedy :

"With his stick in his hand he began to jig a private minuet, a bunch of copper seals shining and swinging like a pendulum from under his waistcoat ; he also began to sing, in the voice of a bee up a flue :

'The king called down his nobles all'
until want of breath checked his song."

Surely he was right, when he said :

"There's good art in me. If I couldn't make a little wind go a long way I should seem no younger than the most aged man."

All the same he must have been somewhat of a trial to his desponding son, *Christian*, who bemoaned the fact that his father was "a harrowing old man. I wouldn't live with him a week, so playward as he is, if I could get away." But hear his own apology :

"My spirits must be wonderful good, you'll say. But not always. 'Tis a weight upon a man to be looked up to as a commander."

Another interesting figure among many is *Coggan*, that staunch son of the Church of England, who declaims upon principles to his admiring audience in *Weatherbury Inn*. But for the expression of the peasant's soul in its intensest mood we must turn to the words of *Marty South* at the grave of *Giles Winterbourne* :

"Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine and on'y mine ; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I, whenever I get up, I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee, whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted ; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven. . . But no, no, my love, I can never forget 'ee ; for you was a good man, and did good things."

In these words of *Marty South*, the veil of reticence which hides the rustic's heart is for a brief moment drawn aside, and we catch a fleeting vision of perfect human goodness and unchanging loyalty amid a life full of poverty, pain, and almost unbroken toil ; and we feel that in this glimpse into the soul of *Marty South* we have been shown what is most divine in the Wessex of Thomas Hardy.

S. J. CRAWFORD.



To a Rider Drowned at Sea.

(By kind permission of Mr. Laurence Housman.

From the Bournemouth Poetry Society's Anthology.)

Lover of space and speed, and of level courses,
And crowded miles on the plain where the goal-posts stand,
Rider of horses, lord of the swift dark steed
Life—for a moment held in your sole command,
Here, in dusk is your goal : here dimly appears,
Bearing no garland aloft, your lintel of home ;
Your day is done, and the rein
Of the rider has dropped from your hand.
Over your head unheeded (but loud in my ears)
 Go the running feet of the foam,
 And the sound of the wild sea-horses—
Riderless—galloping home !

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

Reviews of Some Recent Publications.

By Members of the Staff of University College, Southampton.

AN INTRODUCTION TO BOTANY.

By S. Mangham, M.A.

Benn's Sixpenny Library. No. 118.



HIS little book comprises seven chapters dealing with the scope of modern botany, structural botany, growth, leaves and their work, reproduction, systematic botany and heredity. There is included also a bibliography and one explanatory plate containing twenty-eight very clear and excellent figures.

Chapter one deals with the beginnings of botany, the botanic gardens of the mediæval universities and points out the more important subdivisions of the science; structural, systematic, palæontological, physiological, pathological and ecological, while plant breeding also is noted. The practical bearing of all these branches on our modern civilisation and more especially so on the progress of the British Empire is duly emphasised. For it should be widely recognised and realised that an intelligent appreciation of the fundamentals of biology is almost a necessity for all agriculturists and planters—as well as those holding administrative posts—both at home, but more particularly in the tropics. The ultimate success of their work undoubtedly depends on the methods they adopt and the nation which gives closest attention to such matters as improving the yield of a crop or the quality of a stock, the increasing of resistance to disease or the production of an earlier maturing type will assuredly reap its reward in affecting the markets of the world. The British Empire cannot afford to lag behind in applying biological science to the exploitation of its vast wealth of animal and vegetable resources.

Chapter two is taken up with structural botany. Here is given a plain, straightforward account of the constitution of plants from the simplest to the most complex.

Chapter three concerns growth. Following an elementary account of protoplasm many physiological processes and structural developments of the plants are explained.

Chapter four explains leaves and their work, involving the assimilation of carbon, the production of food and the water exchange of the plant.

Chapter five—probably the best in the book—deals with reproduction. It is comprehensive, but treats the matter generally, stressing the fundamentals of the reproductive processes both sexual and asexual. A simple account of the structural basis of heredity is also given.

Chapter six treats of systematic botany and incorporates a complete scheme of classification (Engler and Gilg, 1924)—most useful to the student of the science—together with an introduction to palæobotany. The "Age and Area Hypothesis" of Willis also calls for brief notice.

Chapter seven, the last of all, deals with heredity and is devoted mainly to a simple account of Mendel's Laws of Heredity, and is followed by a short bibliography of recently published works.

On going over the book, what strikes us at once is its comprehensiveness. Within its eighty pages truly a surprising amount of information is contained. Moreover this information is most clearly and intelligibly stated. We understand that the series to

which the volume belongs is intended as a whole to familiarise the general reader with modern thought and to enable him to relate it to himself and to his ordinary life. In the first paragraph of his introduction the author states "it is the purpose of this book to acquaint the general reader with the scope of modern botany, to explain the nature of problems with which botanists are concerned and to indicate the bearing of this particular branch of science upon human welfare." Professor Mangham set himself no easy task, and it is to his credit that, in our opinion, he has worthily kept up the standard of the series and has achieved his object in producing within a very limited compass a book thoroughly readable and up-to-date.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY: A STUDY IN THE LIFE AND LITERATURE OF THE RESTORATION.

By V. de Sola Pinto, M.A., D.Phil.

Constable & Co. 21/- net.



THE England which is emerging after the ordeal of the Great War bears in many respects a striking resemblance in its realistic outlook to the generation which lived through the reaction following upon the upheaval of the Civil War and the Puritan regime. It is perhaps for this reason that modern scholars are refusing to accept the contemptuous 19th Century denunciations of Restoration manners and literature. Without in the least condoning or extenuating depravity and bawdy talk, they are viewing the period with keener insight and sympathy, and are thereby demonstrating that the gentlemen who lived under the later Stuarts stood for as essential an aspect of the English spirit as their Roundhead predecessors. Of this point of view Professor Pinto's biography of Sedley is a notable example. "English civilisation," he writes, "in its fullest sense could only result from a combination of the probity and decency of the Puritan, separated from his dourness and philistinism, with the culture and gaiety of the Cavalier, divorced from his licence and brutality."

Resolutely translating this theory into action, Professor Pinto has chosen a man who had the reputation of being the most notorious of the Restoration libertines (save Rochester); to be his hero. The result, based on extensive and accurate research, is a balanced and altogether new portrait of Sedley as well as a faithful representation of his age. The uncleanly escapades of his youth, which so delighted the censorious scandal-mongers of the 18th Century, are frankly stated. But readers whose chief impressions of the Restoration era are based on the more indiscreet passages of Pepys and De Grammont will be amazed to watch the abandoned roué as a warm-hearted father enjoying a delightful comradeship with his boy, as a devoted mate living with unquestioned faithfulness to one woman for the last twelve years of his life, and as a politician delighting the House with his admixture of wit and common sense.

The author opens his study with a lucid and scholarly account of the Sedley family. The difficulty of such a task can only be appreciated fully by those who have attempted to disentangle a family history for themselves. When, for example, we realise that three Sir Charles Sedleys were alive at the same time, it is not surprising to be told that the fact "has caused endless confusion to biographers and genealogists." After following the troubles of Sedley's mother during the Civil War and the Commonwealth, we are plunged into a brilliant account of "The Wits and their Frolics" after the accession of

Charles II. It is here, however, that the fundamental difficulty with which Professor Pinto was faced begins to emerge. It is one which has plagued many a biographer—lack of material. The author is frequently driven into taking refuge in such conjectures as—"Sedley, if he was present, must have evaded—," and so on. Every reference, however brief, is developed to the fullest extent that sound scholarship will allow. Yet, even then, Sedley is not the dominant interest. Whenever he flashes on to the stage, the author presents him vividly and with fine artistry. But he is soon gone again, and the main theme—"the life and literature of the Restoration"—re-asserts itself. One cannot help wishing (perhaps mistakenly) that, delightful though Sedley is, a Dorset or an Etherage had been chosen for the leading role. It is for this reason that the least interesting chapter in the book is the account of Sedley's parliamentary career. Much patient research and skilful craftsmanship has been expended upon it, but one is not convinced that anyone (including the hero himself) regarded Sedley as a serious politician.

As a study of what the cultured society of the Restoration did, thought, and said, the book is brilliant and in the first rank. The representation of the literary spirit of the age is as masterly as the pen-pictures of specific characters and scenes, such as the great Dryden in his arm-chair at Will's Coffee-House or Pepys at the theatre straining to overhear the witticisms of Sedley. Similarly the chapters which treat of Sedley as a dramatist and a song writer go to the root of the matter. The range and the limitations of his poetic conceptions and technical skill are analysed with fearless sincerity and critical insight of a high order. In short, the book is one of the most valuable additions to our knowledge of the literary life of the Restoration that has appeared for many years.

CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON.

By V. T. Harlow, M.A., B.Litt.

(Lecturer in History, University College, Southampton).

Clarendon Press, Oxford. 18/6.



THE name of Codrington is a very famous one in English history. This year the centenary of Navarino, the victory in which a Codrington played such a glorious part, has been celebrated, and it is therefore not inappropriate that public attention should be drawn to that earlier Codrington, the founder of the Codrington Library at All Souls' College, Oxford, and one of the most notable figures in the history of the British West Indies. In his study of Christopher Codrington, Mr. Harlow has succeeded in the very difficult task of fashioning the results of a great deal of patient and scholarly research into a lucid and eminently readable narrative which should appeal not only to specialists in English and West Indian History, but also to all who are interested in English life and character.

The Gloucestershire Codringtons had been men of note since the Middle Ages, and the chapter that Mr. Harlow devotes to their history is by no means the least fascinating part of his book. The Codringtons of Barbados were descended from a younger son, Christopher Codrington the First, a pioneer who settled in Barbados about 1628. His son, a second Christopher, Governor General of the Leeward Islands, of whose career and character Mr. Harlow gives a brilliant sketch, built up a large fortune, and saved the islands from the French. The third and greatest Christopher Codrington, though born in Barbados, was educated in England, at first at a private school, and afterwards

at Christ Church, Oxford, where he achieved fame as a wit and a scholar. Mr. Harlow devotes some exceedingly interesting pages to his career at the House, and incidentally gives a delightful picture of university life in the late seventeenth century. From Christ Church, Codrington proceeded to All Souls', where he was elected to a fellowship in 1689, and it was while he was a Fellow of All Souls' that he formed some of his notable friendships with such men as Addison, Steele, Charles Boyle, Anthony à Wood, and Thomas Creech. His academic career was interrupted by military service both in the West Indies and Flanders, and one is forcibly reminded both of the Elizabethans like Sidney and Raleigh, whose life of study and authorship was so often mingled with hard fighting, and the scholars of our own day who left the cloistered peace of their colleges for the battlefields of Flanders and Gallipoli.

After the conclusion of the war Codrington was a prominent figure among the wits and men of letters in London, and was intimate with Matthew Prior, John Locke, John Dennis and Sir Samuel Garth. His own works, to judge from the specimens given by Mr. Harlow, were mere witty trifles, but there can be no doubt about the high opinion in which his taste and judgment in literary matters were held by the leading authors of the day. In 1700 he left England for ever, being appointed to the office of Governor General of the Leeward Islands. Mr. Harlow's masterly account of his brilliant administration, his long struggle with the French, the final tragedy of the attack on Guadeloupe, and the replacement of Codrington by the brutal and unpopular Daniel Parke, should prove a very important contribution to British colonial history. There is also great charm in the picture of Codrington's retirement in his Barbados home, and his pathetic and unfulfilled desire to return to England in order to "pas my life in my library and be buried in my garden." Codrington died at the age of forty-two. His career, brilliant though it was, seemed to have achieved very little. But his two great bequests which founded the Codrington Library at Oxford and Codrington College, Barbados, are what might be called legacies of genius. They expressed his ardent and noble spirit in a far truer sense than any of his actions or any of his writings. Mr. Harlow's eloquent and discriminating estimate of his character is a fitting conclusion to an admirably written and carefully documented biography which cannot be neglected by any serious student of the political or of the literary history of the period, and which should also win the favour of an even wider reading public now that the showy methods so brilliantly used by Mr. Lytton Strachey, but so unfortunately by his would-be imitators, seem at length to be going out of fashion.

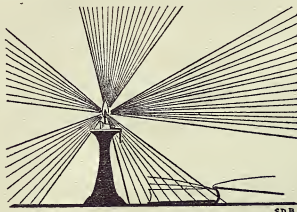


TERENCE EN FRANCE AU XVI SIECLE.
 Par Harold Walter Lawton, M.A., Dr-es-Lettres (Paris).
 Jouve & Cie Editeurs, Paris.

IN his book "Térence en France au Seizième Siècle," Dr. Lawton has made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the spread of humanism in France and has greatly facilitated for others the study of this particular subject. For long it had been known that the more delicate and refined comedy of Terence was by no means neglected during the 16th Century, that Plautus was far from being the sole inspiration among the Latin classics; but Dr. Lawton has shown that Terence was cultivated to an extent far beyond what had been commonly supposed. The proofs adduced are the very numerous translations, editions and elucidations of the comedies of Terence published in many quarters in France during the period under discussion; it is reasonably argued that these would not have been so numerous nor so widespread unless they had satisfied a real demand.

The catalogue of editions and translations of Terence given by Dr. Lawton in this volume may be regarded as substantially complete; a few more may turn up here and there; but it would astonish us to find amongst them any of great importance. These works are not simply named and classified; a succinct description of them is given and we are informed in what library the various volumes can be consulted. Incidentally we learn from Dr. Lawton a good deal about matters bibliographical, about the art of illustration of books in the 16th Century, the aesthetic qualities of printing, etc.

The question that arises out of the material presented to us is: How much of this manifestly vast amount of reading penetrated into French literature and moulded its destinies? Did Terence remain the favourite comic author of polished humanists, too delicate, however, for the everyday audience of comedies? A precise answer to questions of this nature is clearly impossible; but literary affiliations enjoy exceptional favour to-day, and we look to Dr. Lawton to bring Terence down from the library shelves and show him to us in the heterogeneous crowds that make up the living comic stage.



S.D.R.

Recent Publications.

By Members of the Staff of University College, Southampton.

A. ARTS AND KINDRED SUBJECTS—

By Professor Albert A. Cock, B.A., Professor of Education and Philosophy, University College, Southampton :

"A Century of English Literature." I Poetry, 1780-1830 ; II Prose, 1780-1830. Edited by Professor A. A. Cock and Margaret J. Steel, M.A., Lecturer in Education, University College, Southampton. Four volumes. Edward Arnold. (An anthology illustrative of Elton's "A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830.")

"Baron von Hugel and his Work." *Theology*. June, 1926.

"The Educational Significance of Wordsworth's 'Prelude'" (2 articles) *Child Life*. April, 1926, and June, 1926.

"The Religious Education of the Adolescent," 2nd edition. St. Christopher Press, 1927.

"Marlowe: Edward II." A. and C. Black, 1927.

"Marlowe: Faustus and Scenes from Tamburlane." A. and C. Black, 1927.

"Francis Thompson: Selected Prose and Poetry." A. and C. Black, 1928.

"Alice Meynell: Selected Poems and Prose." *The Socrates Series*, No. XIX. A. and C. Black, 1928.

"The Place of Theology in Modern Universities." *Review of the Churches*. January, 1928.

By Professor V. de Sola Pinto, M.A., D.Phil., Professor of English Language and Literature, University College, Southampton :

"Sir Charles Sedley: A Study in the Life and Literature of the Restoration." Constable & Co., 1927. (See Review P. 84).

"The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Charles Sedley." Constable & Co. (in the Press).

"Parnassus Biceps or Several Choice Pieces of Poetry, 1656." A Review by Professor V. de S. Pinto. *Review of English Studies*, Vol. 4, 1928. (No. 14, April).

By S. J. Crawford, M.A., B.Litt., Lecturer in Charge of the Department of English Language, University College, Southampton :

"The Gospel of Nicodemus." *The Awle Ryale Series* of Anglo-Saxon Texts. I. B. Hutchen, Edinburgh, 1927.

"The Manual of Byrhtferth of Romsey (1011)." Edited with translation, sources, introduction, glossaries and appendices. *Early English Texts Society*. (In the Press). (This is the Editio Princeps of the work of the chief Anglo-Saxon scientist after the Venerable Bede.)

"Ealu-scerwen. Beowulf, 767-769." *Modern Language Review*, 1926.

"The Caedmon Poems." *Anglia*, XXXVII.

"The Dialect of the Cambridge Fragment of Ælfric's Version of the Heptateuch." *Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1926.

"The Worcester Glosses in the Anglo-Saxon MSS. in the Bodleian." *Anglia*, 1928.

"The Descent of Grendel from Cain." *Modern Language Review*, 1928.

And several reviews in the *Modern Language Review*.

By Sir Mark Hunter, M.A., D.Litt., Honorary Lecturer in English Literature, University College, Southampton :

"The Players' Shakespeare : The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar." A Review by Sir Mark Hunter. *Review of English Studies*. Vol. 2, 1926 (No. 6, April).

"Act and Scene-Division in the Plays of Shakespeare." *Review of English Studies*. Vol. 2, 1925 (No. 7, July).

"Note on *The Tempest*, ii, 121." *Review of English Studies*. Vol. 2, 1926 (No. 7, July).

"The Players' Shakespeare : The Tragedie of King Lear." A Review by Sir Mark Hunter. *Review of English Studies*. Vol. 3, 1927 (No. 12, October).

By H. W. Lawton, M.A., Docteur-ès-Lettres (Paris), Lecturer in French, University College, Southampton :

"Térence en France au Seizième Siècle" Jouve (Paris) : 1926. See Review p. 87.

"Notes sur Jean Baudoin et sur ses traductions de l'anglais (1619 ; 1624-25 ; 1626 ; 1648)." *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, Octobre-Décembre, 1926.

"Charles Estienne et le Théâtre." *Revue du Seizième Siècle*, tome XIV, 1927.

By Professor G. F. Forsey, M.A., Professor of Classics, University College, Southampton :

"Plato, Phædo 80.c." *Classical Quarterly*, vol. XX, No. 4, October, 1926.

By J. W. Horrocks, M.A., D.Lit., Lecturer in History, University College, Southampton :

"A Short History of Mercantilism" (Methuen & Co., 1925).

"The Assembly Books of Southampton," vols. III and IV. (Southampton Record Society, 1924-5).

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"Italian Influences in English History." *History*, April, 1925.

"The West Saxon Invasion," in section VII of "Bibliography of the Hampshire Basin." *The Geographical Teacher*, Autumn, 1926.

"Philip D'Auvergne." *The Times* Literary Supplement, 23rd February, 1928.

"Isaac Watts. His Birthplace in Southampton." *The Times*, 3rd Sept., 1927.

"Dr. Watts." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 6th August, 1927.

"Dr. Watts' Birthplace." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 15th, October, 1927.

"Isaac Watts and his Father." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 12th November, 1927.

"Dr. Watts' Birthplace." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 10th December, 1927.

"The Taunton Family and the Watts Relationship." *Hampshire Advertiser*, February, 1928.

"The Taunton Family. School Founder's Life Story." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 17th March, 1928.

"The Story of the Tauntons." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 24th March, 1928.

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"Alderman Taunton's Will." *Hampshire Advertiser*, 19th May, 1928.

Extract from *Taunton's School Journal*, March, 1928.

"Dr. Horrocks, of the University College, has been making researches into the life and period of Alderman Richard Taunton, the founder of the School. He has unearthed and brought to light many interesting facts concerning him and his connexions which have been hitherto unknown. These are now being published in a series of articles in the *Hampshire Advertiser*. We have Dr. Horrocks's permission to collect these articles into book form, and trust that we may be able to publish them later in the form of a supplement to the *Journal*, and so make available to all Tauntonians what there is to be known about the founder of the School."

By V. T. Harlow, M.A., B.Litt., Lecturer in History, University College, Southampton :

Christopher Codrington, Clarendon Press, 1927. 18/6. See Review p. 85.

"A History of Barbados." Clarendon Press, 1926. 21/-.

"Voyages of Great Pioneers." Clarendon Press, 1928. 6/-.

"Sir Walter Raleigh: Discoverie of Guiana." New edition with introduction, notes and appendices consisting of unpublished Spanish documents. Argonaut Press, London, 1928. 30/-.

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By Dr. W. G. H. Cook, LL.D., M.Sc., Southampton. *Taylor's Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence*. Eighth Edition in collaboration with Professor Sydney Smith, M.D., 2 Vols. J. & A. Churchill, 1928.

An Introduction to the New Land and Property and of Conveyancing. Gee & Co. (Publishers) Ltd., 1926; and *Supplement* 1927; Gee & Co. (Publishers) Ltd.

B. SCIENCE AND KINDRED SUBJECTS :

By Professor D. R. Boyd, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, University College, Southampton :

"The Formation of Phosphinic Acids from Triarylmethoxy-Phosphorus Dichlorides." (In collaboration with F. J. Smith, Ph.D., then Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, University College, Southampton.) *Journal of the Chemical Society*, 1926.

"The Mechanism of the Reaction between a Carboxylic Ester and a Grignard Reagent." (In collaboration with H. H. Hatt, B.Sc., A.I.C., Demonstrator in Chemistry, University College, Southampton.) *Journal of Chemical Society*, April, 1927.

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By Professor S. Mangham, M.A., Professor of Botany, and Professor W. Rae Sherriffs, M.A., D.Sc., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology and Geology, University College, Southampton.

"A First Biology. Part I." Sidgwick & Jackson. (In the Press.)

By Professor S. Mangham, M.A., Professor of Botany, University College, Southampton :

"A Silent Invasion of England." (The spread of *Spartina* or Cord Grass.) *Conquest*, September, 1925.

"Progress in the Study of British Vegetation." *Conquest*, February, 1926.

"The Most Remarkable Plant that I ever Saw." (Symposium by botanists, travellers and horticulturalists.) *Conquest*, March, 1926.

"Fighting the Shingle on the South Coast." (Shrubby Sea-Blite and its use in coast protection.) *Modern Science*, April, 1926.

"Science in the Greenhouse." (The work of the Experimental and Research Station at Chesthunt, in the Lea Valley.) *Modern Science*, August, 1926.

"Cord Grass in Southampton Water." *Field*, January, 1927.

"An Introduction to Botany." Benn's Sixpenny Library, 1928.

See Review p. 83

By Professor W. Rae Sherriffs, M.A., D.Sc., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology and Geology, University College, Southampton :

"South Indian Arachnology. Part II." *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, May, 1927.

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By L. G. Carpenter, B.A., B.Sc., Lecturer in Physics, University College, Southampton :

"The Electrical Breakdown of Insulation." *World Power*, February, 1927.

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"The Production of Light : Some Physical Aspects." *World Power*, Sept., 1927.

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"The Characteristic Infra-Red Vibrations of certain Crystals of the Rock Salt Type." *Philosophical Magazine*, May, 1928.*

By R. C. Moyle, M.I.Mar.E., Demonstrator in Engineering, University College, Southampton :

"Engineering as a Career." *Southern Daily Echo*, April 2, 1925.

"The Advance of Engineering." *Ibid*, May 13, 1925.

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"Sir John Butters." *Hampshire Advertiser*, May 21, 1927.

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(*Joint paper with L. G. Stoodley, B.Sc., Research Student in Physics, University College, Southampton.)

NOTES AND NEWS.

A Note on Scientific Engineering in Wessex.



WHEN engineers are defined as "men who do things" it is implied that the basis of all engineering work there must be skill. Whilst this is true it must not be forgotten that the great progress made in modern times by engineers would have been impossible had it not been for the men who think things out, who have by their training been able to apply scientific principles to invention and to design, making use of the researches in higher mathematics, physics, chemistry and other sciences.

There were men who were great constructors when Rome was mistress of the world, as is proved by the roads, aqueducts, and other constructions which remain to this day. We still wonder at the work of pre-Roman days and try to puzzle out the methods adopted by the men who constructed the Egyptian Pyramids and by those who placed into position the stones at Stonehenge. In trying to solve these problems we take as an hypothesis that the men of those days were not scientific and had to depend mainly on the simplest appliances. Even in those times, however, there must have been men, who, like Euclid, were able to work out problems in mathematics. They were the scientific engineers of their era. Few in number, without the aid of machines which would be considered necessary to-day, they had the ability to scheme and plan so that they were able to make use of the muscular exertions of a large number of men less gifted than themselves to accomplish work which to this day is the wonder of the world.

When charcoal was the fuel used by the iron smelter and the blacksmith, and oak the material used by the shipbuilder, Wessex was an important industrial area, and along the Downs and in the Forests of the South are still to be seen evidences of the industries that flourished, as for example at Buckler's Hard, where some of the ships which fought at Trafalgar were built of oak from the New Forest. The application of fossil fuel to the smelting of iron drove the iron industry to the areas where the coal seams were found. Manufactured iron became more plentiful and its application extended to constructions where wood was formerly used. This extension has gone on rapidly since the introduction of the steam engine until steel has almost entirely superseded wood in the construction of ships. The application of steam power to industry has also been a factor in shifting the centres of industry from the south, although there are to this day engineering works situated in the south, works which started when the motive power used was obtained from the water wheel; they have continued and even extended in spite of having to employ coal fuel as a supplement to water power.

Just as oil fuel is now displacing coal fuel in many ships either to produce steam or to work Diesel engines so it may happen that centres of industry will no longer be dependent on the presence of coal fuel. Indeed there are now many factories which have recently been built in country districts remote from the coal field. From the point of view of those who love the English countryside these industrial centres will be a disturbing element just as a motor works existing near Oxford tends to disturb the intellectual calm of that old city. But is it not true that all modern inventions are disturbing elements in life? The locomotive displaced the old horse coaches and many of the canals which at one time formed a network throughout the land. The motor-car and motor-bus have almost displaced horse traffic. Electricity in its various applications has revolutionised the means of communication and to-day whilst many of us are at times glad to get away from the feverish activities of modern life, at other times we make use of the amenities of life brought about by mechanical inventions.

The lapse of time between the building of the Pyramids and the construction of the Forth Bridge and the Eiffel Tower was considerable in the history of civilisation. There has been a far greater lapse of time since engineering operations commenced, for as soon as man began to use tools so soon did engineering commence. Skill came by experience and improvements in methods by trial and error, and to a very great extent this is still true, the wise engineer learns by the failures as well as by the successes of the past. The rapid strides which have been made, more particularly in mechanical and electrical engineering, have, however, depended on the application of science.

The improvements made by James Watt in the steam engine were the outcome of the application of Watt's own scientific training as well as of the training of those men of science with whom he was associated in Glasgow and afterwards in Birmingham.

When Henry Bessemer, of the Royal School of Mines, forced air through molten cast iron it was a scientific experiment based on his knowledge of the action of the oxygen of the air on the carbon associated with the cast iron; and so it has been since with men who have made great improvements in the manufacture of steels.

The steam turbine, although invented before the Christian Era, could not have been developed till man became familiar with the scientific properties of fluids. The internal combustion engine, wireless telegraphy and other inventions of which we make use are all examples of developments which have followed the scientific thinker. In each case some man in the quiet of his study or laboratory and after years of working published the results of his discovery, results which at the time seemed to have no bearing or any possible practical application.

When Clerk-Maxwell predicted from his electromagnetic theory that "waves of electric and magnetic force" would be capable of being propagated through space, no one saw any useful application of his theory. When twenty years later the experiments of Hertz on the production of Hertzian waves became known to the scientific world, Marconi with wonderful insight saw some of the possibilities and to-day we accept the wonders of wireless, probably without a thought of how it came into being.

Whilst a factory or an engineering works can be managed and worked successfully by men whose principal qualification is that of experience gained in the work itself we must look to the young men who are trained in the science of engineering in our colleges to understand and to make use of the investigations of the scientist and the mathematician.

That such scientific training in Engineering is being given successfully in Wessex at University College, Southampton, is shown by the work that is being done by past students of the College, men who are controlling engineering operations in many parts of the world. Amongst these are Dr. F. W. Lanchester, the inventor and expert in internal combustion engines and motor-cars; Mr. G. R. G. Conway, the constructor of the Monterey reservoir and of other great civil engineering works; Sir John Butters, the general manager and chief engineer of the Hydro-electric power scheme for Tasmania, who is now the Chief Commissioner for the new federal city of Canberra; Mr. A. C. Brown, the engineer of the Halifax Ocean Terminal in Canada and Mr. G. Shearing, the wireless expert.

From amongst recent students many are proving the value of their training by the work in which they are engaged. Several are engaged under the Docks Engineer in the design and construction of the New Dock Works at Southampton. Others are occupying positions in constructional docks and other undertakings abroad. These are experts in Civil Engineering, in Electrical Engineering, in Waterworks Construction, in Aircraft Design, Research Engineers and Consulting Engineers in various branches of engineering.

The influence at work which made these men capable of taking leading positions could not have been that which produced the skilled workman only, for whilst they were familiar with appliances used in engineering, they were not as a rule skilled operators. They were trained to apply scientific knowledge to engineering problems, they were brought into contact with men of scientific thought and saw for themselves methods of scientific investigation.

It is probable that amongst the influences at work were the contacts made during their student days with leaders in various branches of engineering whom they met at meetings of the Engineering Society, a society which since its foundation by students in 1900 has been a means of bringing not only local engineers of standing in touch with students but a scheme which provides for addresses by other men eminent in their profession, the vision of students has been enlarged and impulses have been given which are effective in their operation. Amongst these engineers from outside were Sir W. Preece, chief engineer of the Post Office; Sir W. H. White, chief constructor of the Navy; Sir George Goodwin, Engineer in Chief of the Navy. The students owe a great deal to these men, but perhaps they owe even more to men who like Sir James Lemon, Mr. F. W. Barnaby, Mr. F. E. Wentworth Sheilds, and others who were in our midst and actively supported the efforts made to correlate the scientific training of students with the practical operations of the engineer.

In spite of a depression which has come over some branches of Engineering since the war there are still more demands for students who have received a scientific training in engineering than can be supplied from the College, and these demands will increase with increased activity in engineering.



The Trend of Engineering in the South.



STATISTICS of unemployment in shipbuilding and engineering trades generally during the last few years show an ever increasing figure. We may try to explain it away by suggesting that the more general use of machinery with a resultant higher efficiency of production has accounted for many hands being thrown out of work.

Does it mean that we have a glut of engineers; does it mean that engineering as a profession is overcrowded?

We will always have one or other of the trades overcrowded, but there will still be a demand for the highly trained and qualified engineer.

On taking a general survey of the South of England we notice that there is a distinct indication of decentralisation of industry. There is a tendency for industry to gravitate south. Industrial concerns are now springing up in rural districts many miles from London where rates are lower and good transport facilities exist.

In the County of Hampshire we notice many small villages gradually growing into manufacturing townships.

Industry is surely creeping south nearer the ever expanding port of Southampton.

The huge scheme for the docks extension of the port is already in hand and in a few years we shall see the largest liners and merchant ships in the world berthed along many miles of Southampton Water.

Industrial magnates will be quick to appreciate the facilities the port affords ; the track will undoubtedly be southward.

The largest industrial concerns and the shipping companies using the port will look to Southampton and its University College to supply them with young engineers of full qualification to train for responsible posts.

Happily a very friendly relationship exists between the engineering firms in the district, the chief Shipping Companies and the Engineering Departments of the University College. Visits are arranged for students in the faculty to inspect the latest developments, appliances and machinery, whether in general engineering or specialised work carried on by the firms or—by special privilege—the engine rooms on board the ocean greyhounds in the dock at the port.

Few can realise the existence of an engineering research laboratory tucked away below deck on board one of these gigantic liners. The development of scientific control has made this a necessity and an accomplished fact. The research laboratories are completely equipped with the most up-to-date scientific apparatus.

To enable the young marine engineer to gain proficiency in carrying out research work of this nature with a sound knowledge of the interpretation of the results obtained, the heat laboratories at the University College are equipped with identical apparatus. Here the student can conduct such tests and experiments as he will be called to perform when an engineer on board.

This is only one instance—many can be given—which shows how intimately associated is the work of the engineering department of the College with the ever-growing engineering activities in the area, and it is to be hoped that enough has been said to indicate the importance of engineering as a profession and the unique opportunities open to young engineers to qualify in their profession at the University College, Southampton, situated as it is in the very hub of the area.



Biological Developments.



THE Wessex area, by reason of its mild climate and varied geological features, is a particularly favourable one for biological studies. Chalk downs, the extensive heaths, bogs and woods of the beautiful New Forest, many inland waters and a long sea shore, all afford differing habitats harbouring many diverse forms of life, and presenting numerous problems in the study of animals and plants.

The Isle of Wight, one of England's beauty spots, is easily accessible from Southampton, and provides abundant work both for the biologist and the geologist. Indeed, taken as a whole, few University towns are as well situated geographically for biological work as is Southampton, which, although within easy reach of the libraries, museums and gardens of London, is fortunately free from some of the worst disadvantages of that city of smoke and noise.

To those in touch with things educational and scientific it is not news that the development of biology is being fostered by many parties. Commercial and industrial concerns have now awakened to the vast possibilities of the applications of biological

research, especially in connection with the physiology of crop production and the control of insect and fungus pests of animals and plants. Much attention, too, is being paid to the breeding of new types having greater resistance to costly diseases, giving a higher yield of some valuable product, or coming to maturity earlier, or in other ways more worth while than existing types.

Among such concerns may be mentioned the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation, and the Linen Research Association of Belfast. Many planters' and growers' associations, both at home and abroad, employ entomologists and botanists, particularly in the tropics, in connection with tea, coffee, sugar, fibre, rubber, etc. It may be noted that a former student of University College, Southampton, Mr. R. D. Gibbs, a member of the botanical staff of McGill University, Montreal, has for some time been engaged by the Intercontinental Rubber Company in America upon an investigation of a physiological and biochemical nature.

Agricultural organisations of all kinds have become more and more dependent upon scientific research, and quite recently a Government Committee has reported (Cmd. 3049, H.M. Stationery Office, 9d.) upon the establishment of a Colonial Agricultural Scientific and Research Service. The Committee strongly urge that this should be brought into being as a well-paid branch of the Civil Service, likely to attract and retain the best types of men for the work. Entrance to such a Service would normally be after a University course in biology.

Many teachers are now realising the folly of neglecting to give their pupils adequate opportunities of learning about *living* things as well as about *dead* ones, and of sending out into the world boys and girls blind to the many facts of interest, beauty and importance which an elementary introduction to biology would reveal.

In these days of mercilessly keen competition it should be obvious that the progress of the British Empire, which is vitally dependent upon the agricultural labours of no less than 50,000,000 of its peoples, is intimately bound up with the proper exploitation of the latent scientific talent of the younger generation. This must be discovered and developed at all costs, and in few directions is there greater need for more recruits of the very best type than in the various branches of biology.

How could the proposed University of Wessex play a part in this important work? During the past few years there has been a steady, if slow, improvement in the facilities for biological teaching at University College, Southampton. Apparatus and materials have been added and additional accommodation has been provided. In the George Moore Botanical Laboratories, to be opened formally by the College Visitor, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, on June 14th, the College has a building planned specially for modern botanical work, and capable of housing research workers in several branches of botany, as well as providing facilities for an efficient training. Comparable laboratory facilities are urgently needed for zoology, as the present buildings and museum are inadequate to meet the growing demands made upon them.

The University College provides teaching in zoology and botany leading to the B.Sc. Degrees of London University at present. It cannot easily, as yet, afford to specialise in certain branches of biology in accordance with either the local facilities, or the particular qualifications of members of the departmental staffs. A fully-fledged University of Wessex, with its own Charter and granting its own degrees, and having adequate endowments, could specialise in this way, greatly to the advantage of the area whose special problems could then be tackled.

In an established University not only could a sound general training be given, as at present, but with the endowment of post-graduate research scholarships, a

feature of all modern Universities, the most promising men and women could be retained for a year or two and could undertake investigations. Apart from the intrinsic value of such work the experience so gained provides an essential qualification for appointments to most scientific posts. Indeed, the scientists of the world are very largely recruited by means of such post graduate scholarships.

That the students of University College, Southampton, are keenly interested in biology is witnessed by the fact that recently, and entirely on their own initiative, they have founded a Biological Society, at the first meeting of which the audience numbered about 50. Membership of this Society is also open to others than students of the College, and all who are interested are invited to apply to the Honorary Secretary at the College.

A study of vacancies advertised in the educational Press has shown that students of biology are more and more likely to find posts as teachers, as considerable pressure has been brought to bear upon schools to include biology in the curriculum. To the very best type of student opportunities may occur for higher work with the aid of grants from such bodies as the Colonial Office, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, etc. These scholarships and grants are very valuable and the competition for them is severe. More than one scientific department of the College, however, has trained students who have received such grants, and whose work has proved to be highly successful.

It may be noted that at present there is a serious shortage of well qualified men for entomological and botanical (especially physiological and mycological) work in the Empire overseas, and it is in these branches of biology that specialisation is most likely to be profitable.



The Teaching of Microscopy.



F the world's total output of microscopes, it is probable that as many as nine-tenths, excluding such as are mere toys, fall into the hands of three classes of users: the medical profession, the biologists and the metallurgists. In such hands they perform services the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

So far as medicine and biology are concerned, this is familiar ground to the educated public; but microscopical metallurgy, or metallography, is a science which is of scarcely more than twenty years' growth. Nevertheless, it is rapidly attaining what may be called a key position in the metallurgical industries. The suitability of a metal or alloy for any desired purpose is determined largely by its micro-structure, and that structure may be investigated by an appropriate technique. Indeed, it is the case nowadays with the more scientific firms that a metallographic report is made, as a matter of routine, on every "melt" sent out or received. Alloys are bought after examination of the structure of a sample, and further examinations are necessary from time to time in order to see that the bulk of the delivery conforms to this.

In all these branches of microscopy, the technique of the routine work may be easy or difficult, but that of original investigation is almost always difficult. At the present time, any number of first-rate problems would immediately advance a stage towards solution if only the power of the microscope could be pushed a little further. It will be remembered that only a short time ago it was announced that the germ of cancer had been discovered by a method which somewhat increases the power of the microscope

to resolve fine detail, namely, the use of ultra-violet "light." The optical technique has proved so difficult in this particular case, however, that confirmation by other observers is still lacking, and judgment must therefore be suspended.

Biologists will have in mind the notorious "Golgi apparatus," which either does or does not exist as an excessively fine structure, playing a fundamental part in the mechanics of cell-division. This again is about on the limit of possible microscopical vision, and the utmost skill of microscopists will be taxed in arriving at a final decision on the point.

The same opinion was freely expressed by metallurgists at the Faraday Society's Conference on the Microscope held in 1920: if only a slight advance could be made in microscopy, great advances could be made in metallurgy. The opticians, however, shook their heads. Their work has now for many years been carried to such a pitch of perfection that the difficult factor in the situation is the coarseness of structure of light itself. Use had indeed been made of radiations of finer "grain," such as the ultra-violet; but it must be remembered that these are invisible to the eye, and it will be conceded that some difficulty in focussing may be expected to attend any attempt to take high-power photo-micrographs with invisible "light."

It is not so much a question, then, of radically increasing the power of the microscope as of straining every nerve to make the best possible use of the instrument in its present state; and it may be remarked that the results obtainable depend in an extremely high degree on the skill and training of the observer.

When, however, we come to ask what is being done for the advanced instruction of microscopists in our university institutions and hospitals, we shall be astonished to learn that the subject is practically untouched. The reason, no doubt, is the fact that the study of microscopy really concerns a number of Departments, no one of which is at all anxious to add to its present responsibilities; but whatever the reason may be the result is disastrous, as any microscope manufacturer would agree.

Such considerations have led University College, Southampton, to institute a class in advanced microscopic work, including photo-micrography. As an experiment the lecturers during the present Session have been made entirely post-graduate, the classes having had a membership of a dozen or more. In order not to deter biologists, the work has been made as non-mathematical as possible, but it has been found that this need not entail the omission of any fundamental points in the theory.



Research in Physics during Session 1927-28.



R. L. G. CARPENTER has been doing research on the specific heat of mercury in the neighbourhood of its melting point, employing the well-known Nernst-Lindemann method. The object of the research is to obtain evidence bearing on the cause of the abnormal rise of specific heat, at temperatures near the melting point, which has been found in the case of certain metals. He has been assisted by one of our students, Mr.

L. G. Stoodley, who is now a Student-in-Training under the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

A research of this kind generally involves a number of preliminary investigations. In this case the necessity of keeping the bath surrounding the apparatus at a constant temperature led to a subsidiary research, and to the publication of a short paper, on thermostat design. After months spent in preliminary investigations and in over-

coming more or less unexpected difficulties, they are now making the actual measurements required.

In connection with the theory of specific heat, they have published a paper on "The Infra Red Vibrations of certain Crystals of the Rock-Salt Type," in which it is shown that the atomic fields obtained by Lennard Jones can be applied with success to the calculation of fundamental infra red frequency.

Following another line of research in which he was engaged at Oxford, Mr. Carpenter has constructed a piece of apparatus for the measurement of the ionization and resonance potentials of gases. He is also intending to use this apparatus to investigate the soft X-ray emission from metals under electron bombardment, and he has already made some preliminary readings for copper.



Department of Geography.



IN accordance with modern conceptions Geography is developing as a biological science with definite economic applications, and the foundations have been laid of a department which will meet the demands of both teaching and research in these directions. Since for this purpose both "field" investigation—"field" includes the landscape of city as well as country—and statistical and cartographical analysis are necessary, the following organisation is being built up so far as space and materials permit.

The Department is divided into three main sections—a lecture and teaching section; a cartographical laboratory; a research section comprising a specialised library, a study, and a photographic dark room. The cartographical laboratory is central to the work as a whole and it is being equipped with specially designed tables, lighting and storage accommodation according to plans drawn up in the Department—features which have brought inquiries and visits of inspection from various quarters, including schools of Geography in other Universities.

The favourable opportunities and field of usefulness before such a department are recognised even outside the ranks of professional geographers; for within the area not only are there exceptional advantages for geographical field work, but also a growing port and the leading cartographical institution of the world.

So far as possible, therefore, the activities of the department are being moulded so as to make full use of these facts. Field work is encouraged; visits to representative regions (the Downs; Isle of Wight) and institutions (Ordnance Survey; Docks) are arranged and a cartographical equipment of a somewhat special character is being built up.

In an attempt to advance the scientific study of Wessex geography the staff are undertaking, by methods of co-operative research, an inquiry into the nature and extent of the organic unity of the area. As a preliminary general survey an article entitled "Central South England: A Study in Geographical Integration" has been contributed to the volume which is being presented by British geographers to the members of the International Geographical Congress meeting this year in Cambridge. Under the auspices of the Southampton Education Committee a series of lectures on the physical, social and economic geography of Wessex restated the problem to a less specialised public.

In addition to the normal teaching and research work of the department other activities have sought to promote the general development of the subject. The Students'

Geographical Society has carried through a programme of lectures, field excursions and visits, being honoured in particular by a visit from Dr. Vaughan Cornish, President of the Geographical Association.

During the Easter vacation also two members of staff attended a school of Geography conducted specially for British geographers by colleagues of the University of Montpellier. An excellent opportunity was thus afforded not only of contrasting the methods and aims of the famous French school of regional study with those now being developed in this country, but also of broadening and strengthening the basis of teaching in the Department.

Research and writing in connection with the geography and economic development of Australia has been undertaken by the head of the Department, the results of which will be embodied partly in a volume in a well-known geographical series and partly in the forthcoming new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He has also been invited to conduct, at the close of the International Geographical Congress, the excursion party which is to visit Central South England.



Notes on Adult Education.

I. The Workers Educational Association and the University College.



ORMAL relations with the Workers' Educational Association are maintained through the intermediary of the Joint Committee for Tutorial Classes. The full-time Tutor employed by this Committee is Mr. F. W. Cuthbertson, M.A. (Oxon), one of the oldest tutors in the movement, and one of the pioneers of W.E.A. work. The number of Tutorial Classes provided for by the Joint Committee for some years has been five; last year a sixth was started, with Mrs. Hay, M.A., as Tutor. This type of class has been recognised in Board of Education Reports as the highest point yet reached in systematic Adult Education for workers. The College expects that in the near future students will come to it from its Tutorial Classes; the tendency for students to come from this source would appear to be growing in the country generally.

In addition to this statutory connexion, the W.E.A. utilises college premises for various functions it organises; week-end schools are held here at intervals during the winter, and sometimes a Hall of Residence is placed at the disposal of students coming from a distance, when the School is held during any of the vacations. Two years ago an Anglo-German Summer School, organised by the Southern District of the W.E.A., was held at South Stoneham House; and this year another such School will be held at Highfield Hall. About 60 Germans attend on these occasions.

Almost every winter several members of the staff take classes organised by the W.E.A., the most popular subjects being Economics, Psychology and Literature, with foreign languages, French and German, as a bad second.

II. University Extension and other Public Lectures.

Apart from the more systematic work carried on by the W.E.A. in its Tutorial and one year classes the College is taking an increasing part in Adult Education of a less formal kind. During the present session three courses of six lectures each have been given on the following topics:

Pioneers of World Discovery, by V. T. Harlow, Esq., M.A., B. Litt (Oxon), F.R.H.F.S.

The Evolution of the English Drama, by Prof. V. de Sola Pinto, M.A., D.Phil. (Oxon).

The Wessex Area. (A Geographical Study: with special reference to Southampton). By Prof. O. H. T. Rishbeth, M.A. (Oxon), F.R.G.S.

All these courses were delivered in Southampton two of them being arranged in conjunction with the Education Committee and the third, the course in the English Drama, under the auspices of the Southampton University Extension Society.

It is to be hoped that other Education Authorities in the area will follow the excellent lead of the Southampton Education Committee, who have arranged these courses for the past three years. The lectures have been largely attended and the experiment has been thoroughly justified by results.

The Public Lectures at the College, of which ten have been given during the Autumn and Spring terms, have included addresses from Lord Montague of Beaulieu (A Tour to Persia), Sir Mark Hunter (The Common Folk in Shakespeare), Prof. Laski (The Future of Parliamentary Government and Administration), Mr. Murray, Principal of the University College of Exeter (Industrial Legislation in Europe since the War) and Mr. O. G. S. Crawford Archaeological Officer to the Ordnance Survey and Editor of "Antiquity" (The Glazet Forgeries). The remaining Public Lectures were delivered by members of the College staff and included three inaugural lectures to new chairs in Classics, Geography and Zoology.

The official list of Public Lectures by no means exhausts the number of lectures to which members of the public are invited. The specialised associations such as the English Association, the Engineering Society, the Alliance Francaise, the Historical Associations, the Geographical Association, the Classical Association, hold meetings throughout the session and are always ready to welcome new members.

During the spring term the College had the pleasure of listening to an address on the work of the League of Nations from Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, arranged by the local branch of the League of Nations Union.

In addition to full courses many simple lectures have been given by the College staff in various places in the Wessex area.

III. Scientific Lectures.

During the Spring Term (1928) the following Popular Scientific Lectures were given at the University College, in aid of the College Building Fund, on Monday evenings at 8 p.m.:

Atoms. Professor D. R. Boyd, D.Sc. Chairman: The Mayor of Southampton.

Plant Warfare. Professor S. Mangham, M.A. Chairman: The Sheriff of Southampton.

Zoological Landmarks. Professor W. Rae Sheriffs, D.Sc., F.L.S. Chairman: Col. E. M. Jack, C.M.G., D.S.O., Director-General of the Ordnance Survey Department, Southampton.

Soap Bubbles and Liquid Surfaces. H. J. Tomlinson, Esq., B.Sc., A.I.E.E. Chairman: F. J. Hemmings, Esq., B.Sc., Headmaster of Taunton's School, Southampton.

Electricity, the Servant of Man. P. G. Spary, Esq., M.Eng., M.I.E.E. Chairman: G. Martinez, Esq., Pirelli-General Cable Works, Southampton.

The lectures were well attended and a substantial sum was obtained for the University College Building Fund.

THE SOUTHAMPTON RECORD SOCIETY.

This Society, which was founded mainly by the initiative and energy of Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, has for its object the printing and editing, with notes, indexes, and introductory essays, of the records which have been preserved in the Muniment Room at the Audit House, Southampton. Its publications have afforded important contributions to both local and national history. The University College, though it has no official connection with the Society, has from the outset been closely associated with the work through members of its staff. Dr. Alex Hill, formerly Principal and now Vice-President of the College, is Chairman of the Committee, and the Principal and the Rev. Professor E. S. Lyttel are members of that body. Miss E. R. Aubrey is honorary secretary, and Dr. J. W. Horrocks is one of the general editors, whilst the other, Dr. H. W. Gidden, is an old student of the College. Within the last few years, under the auspices of the Society, Dr. Horrocks has issued *The Assembly Books of Southampton*, III, 1611-14, and IV, 1615-16; Mr. R. C. Anderson, *The Book of Examinations*, 1601-2; and Dr. Gidden, *The Book of Remembrances*, I, 1440-1620. The Society has much need both of new subscribers and of new workers.

THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION: SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH, 1927-8.

The Southampton Branch of the Historical Association meets under the presidency of the Rev. Professor E. S. Lyttel, with Dr. J. W. Horrocks as honorary secretary. At the opening meeting of the session 1927-8, Miss E. G. Withycombe read a paper on "Some Aspects of English Place-Name Study," and the Branch made a grant of a guinea to the funds of the Place-Name Survey. Subsequent lecturers have included the Headmaster of Winchester (the Rev. Dr. A. T. P. Williams) on "The Chanson de Roland," Dr. J. W. Horrocks on "Majority Rule," and Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh on "The Local Associations of the Spanish Armada." At the time of writing arrangements are being made for a visit to the Branch from Mr. G. J. Turner, the eminent authority on the Year Books, to give the course of three lectures on that subject which he has already delivered at Oxford, Cambridge, and other Universities.

At its last annual meeting the Branch decided to offer, out of the year's balance, a prize of two guineas for the best essay on an historical subject, to be competed for by the pupils of the secondary schools of Southampton. "John Wilkes" was the subject chosen, and the examiners (the Principal of the University College and Professor Lyttel) awarded the prize to Miss Ellen Patterson, of Itchen Secondary School.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATION: SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH, 1927-8.

The first meeting of the session was held on October 10th. The President, Professor V. de Sola Pinto, read a paper on the *Cambridge Platonists*. He compared their combination of rationalism and mysticism to that of Plato himself, the Christian Platonists of Alexandria, the Florentine Platonists of the Renaissance and certain thinkers of our own day. He traced the growth of the movement from the teaching of Benjamin Whichcote through the work of John Smith, Henry More, Ralph Cudworth and Peter Sterry, and suggested that the revival of idealistic poetry at the end of the eighteenth century in the work of Wordsworth and Coleridge was largely the result of their direct and indirect influence.

On October 10th Mr. A. O. Barfield, M.A., lectured on *Poetry and Meaning*, dealing with the origins of speech, and the relationship between linguistic and psychological development.

The Annual Dinner of the English Association at the First Avenue Hotel, London, on October 28th, was attended by a number of members of the Branch.

On November 21st Dr. J. W. Horrocks lectured on the *Literary Associations of Southampton*. He gave an extremely interesting account of the varied literary associations of the town from St. Boniface and Bevis to the great names in eighteenth and nineteenth century literature, illustrating his theme with a fund of humorous anecdote.

On December 5th Mr. L. A. G. Strong, M.A., lectured on *Synge and the Irish Theatre*. Mr. Strong's lecture had a peculiar interest as it was illustrated by personal memories of the Irish Dramatic Movement, and also by brilliant dialect readings.

On January 27th Mr. G. S. Griffiths, M.A., B.Litt. (University College, Nottingham), gave a *Character Study of Chaucer's Criseyde*, tracing the evolution of the character from early sources, and making an illuminating comparison between the Griseida of Boccaccio and Chaucer's heroine.

An open meeting was held by the Branch on February 17th to do honour to the memory of its Vice-President, Thomas Hardy, O.M., when a large audience gathered in the hall of University College, Southampton. The Principal of the College, who was in the chair, recalled the deep interest which Mr. Hardy had taken in the Wessex University Scheme and in the proposal to found a Thomas Hardy Chair of English Literature. Professor Pinto gave a brief address on Hardy's writings, and Mr. R. C. Barrow, of Dorchester, one of the original Hardy Players, gave some readings of passages in the Dorset dialect which were greatly appreciated by the audience.

On February 20th, the Rev. Professor H. Bett, M.A., of Birmingham, lectured on *Nursery Rhymes and Tales*. He demonstrated their extreme antiquity and showed their connection with primitive religion, with language and folklore.

On March 2nd Mr. S. J. Crawford, M.A., B.Litt., lectured on *The Human Element in the Lives of the Saints*. He gave an interesting account of the genesis of the legends, and of the light that they throw on mediæval psychology, illustrating his points by readings of some striking and beautiful passages.

On March 19th Mr. V. T. Harlow, M.A., B.Litt., lectured on *Sir Walter Raleigh, the Artist*. Mr. Harlow contended that Raleigh had been largely misunderstood. His view was that he was really more important as a man of ideas than a man of action, and especially stressed the artistic and philosophical strain in his character.

The annual summer outing, which will be held on June 23rd, will take the form of a pilgrimage to Dorchester, when a wreath will be laid on Thomas Hardy's grave.

Sir Henry Newbolt has consented to succeed Mr. Hardy as Vice-President of the Branch.

Membership of the Branch is open to all men and women above the age of 21 on payment of an annual subscription of 7/6, which entitles members to attendance at lectures, the receipt of the pamphlets published by the Association and other privileges. There is also an associate membership at a reduced rate for students. All particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Miss M. Steel, University College, Southampton.

THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.

The Economics Society is the youngest of the College Societies. It came into existence at the beginning of 1926, and its infancy has been precocious in the extreme. At the moment of writing, it has reached a maturity in its activities and interests as full as that of any other Society.

This session we have been honoured by a series of distinguished public men.

During the first term papers were read by Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Connor, which brought us in intimate touch with, and gave us, first hand knowledge of the commercial development of Southampton Docks and Trade Union Policy respectively.

In the Spring came Professor H. T. Laski, of London University, who charmed us by his striking personality, and held the attention of an appreciative audience representative of many departments of the College by his brilliant and original treatment of the "Study of Politics."

At a subsequent meeting "Public Health Administration" was dealt with by Dr. Lauder, Medical Officer of Health for Southampton. The opinions of such an expert naturally breathed life into the dry bones of theory.

Finally, we were again in touch with the real side of things when Mr. Singer, who has been actively engaged in the work itself, gave us an account of "The Reconstruction of Palestine under the Mandate."

The Faculty of Economics grows, and with it the Economics Society grows. We can have no fears for the future of the Society so versatile in its activities and so generally interesting in its appeal.

Membership is open to all, and information may be obtained from the Secretary.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY: Session 1927-28.

The Society began its proceedings with the annual general meeting, when Major G. S. Szlumper, C.B.E., A.M.I.C.E., was elected Honorary President for the Session. The large and representative audience duly inspected the laboratories, and evinced the greatest of interest in Major Szlumper's Address.

The programme of lectures has been interesting and varied, and included: "Prehistoric Engineering," by W. W. F. Pullen, Esq., M.I.Mech.E.; "Cable Jointing," by R. E. Horley, Esq., A.M.I.E.E.; "The Modern Process of Oil Refining," by Dr. A. E. Dunstan, D.Sc., F.I.C., F.C.S.; "The Progress in Design of Anti-friction Bearings," by M. J. S. Cooper, Esq., B.Sc.; "Nickel Steels," by W. J. Griffiths, Esq., M.Sc., F.I.C., F.Inst.P.; "Pulverised Fuel," by J. Burns, Esq., M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E.; "Automatic Sub-stations," by W. R. Cox, Esq., B.E., A.M.I.E.E.

Visits to several places are being arranged, and the National Physical Laboratory is to be viewed at the earliest opportunity.

The year will close with the next Annual General Meeting on June 8th, when Mr. W. G. Turner, A.M.I.E.E., is to accept the Hon. Presidency for session 1928-29.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION: SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH.

During the session the Classical Society has offered to its devotees a very varied bill of fare. This, however, needs no apology, for the Society has merely been fulfilling its function of representing as many as possible of the multifarious human interests and activities of the classical age.

Mr. P. A. Seymour, of Jesus College, Oxford, presented us at the beginning of the session with a most ingenious picture of Athens as a modern democratic state in the throes of a party government in which the socialists played the leading part. His analysis of the social and economic condition of Athens at the end of the fifth century B.C., based largely on the pseudo-Xenophontine "Constitution," proved a most pleas-

ing contrast to the usual hackneyed recital of events, and prompted those modern historians and politicians who are of our number to many searching questions and criticisms.

A very different paper was that of Professor J. A. K. Thompson, of King's College, London, who analysed with great subtlety the form and content of those Logoi or tales which play so large a part in the history of Herodotus. From a modern interpretation of Ancient History, we were plunged into a consideration of one of the most primitive traits of the most delightfully antiquated of all ancient historians.

There followed a paper from the Secretary, Mr. G. W. Dyson, on the Orphic Mysteries, which entailed a discussion of the genesis and early formulation of some of those religious and philosophical ideas which have been so influential as contributions of the thought of Greece to western civilisation.

Lastly, we were brought to earth with a paper on comparative grammar from Mr. T. A. Sinclair, our former secretary, now a Reader in London University. "Brought to earth," however, is a hard phrase to apply to a paper which provided the less learned of us with a delightful introduction into the mysteries of the classification of the languages of the world. Could syntax be always treated so humanly and treated on the lines suggested by Mr. Sinclair, much of the drudgery of the class-room, many of the dull pains of the study, would vex us no longer.

The full life is the classical ideal; the *mens sana* may not be disjoined from the more bodily parts. Therefore, as in private duty bound, we have accepted hospitality throughout the session from a series of hosts and hostesses, Mrs. Forsey, Miss Pierce-Jones, Professor Lyttel, and Mrs. Crawford. Such humanity has indeed done much to lend grace to our letters.

THE SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

The Society of Old Hartleyans, which was inaugurated in 1906, but which became during the war a mere memory of days gone by, has since 1919 revived to a very satisfactory extent, and now numbers its members by the hundred.

When first resurrected after the war it was simply a local organisation known under the name of "The Southampton Society of Old Hartleyans." Its chief aim was to promote social intercourse between past students of the College residing in or near Southampton. Gradually it developed into the "Society of Old Hartleyans," with members scattered almost all over the world. Headquarters are still, naturally, at Southampton, but there is an "official branch" of the Society in London, and several "unofficial branches" elsewhere. All past students of H.U.C. or U.C.S. are welcomed into the Society, and in view of the diversity of age among the members some attempt is made to provide S.O.H. activities in sufficient variety to interest all. Almost every "College year" since 1899 is represented on the membership roll—a fact of which the S.O.H. is very proud.

For some years now the Society has been able to hold most of its annual functions at University College, through the kindness of the President (Mr. K. H. Vickers, M.A., Principal of U.C.S.). First and foremost is the Annual Reunion, held at Whitsun. To this come Old Students from all parts of the country, although unfortunately there are many who live too far away to be able to visit Southampton for a weekend. Reunion consists usually of a special service on Whit Sunday, social gatherings on the Friday and Saturday evenings, a cricket match (Past *v.* Present) on Saturday afternoon, together with tennis for any who prefer it, and an outdoor excursion on Whit Monday. The concluding function at College on Whit Monday evening ends with a sonorous "Goblio" which well and truly wakes the echoes of H.U.C.

Other annual functions are the Dinner and the Fancy Dress Dance. The former generally held in February, has been a great success since first it was held six years ago. The attendance is gradually increasing year by year in spite of the fact that distance again prevents many keen members from participating in it. Socially it is as pleasant as the Fancy Dress Dance, which has always been a most enjoyable affair.

For members who take an interest in sport, tennis in the summer, and badminton in the winter, are provided under the auspices of the S.O.H. The formation of a Winter Tennis Club is a venture only undertaken last year, but the results are promising for the future.

Another activity in a vigorous state is the dramatic work undertaken by the "S.O.H. Players," who have been in existence since 1924.

As time goes on the S.O.H. hopes to extend its sphere of action. It wants thousands of members instead of hundreds; it dreams of gigantic reunions which even the College Hall will be far too small to accommodate. May the strides it has made during the last few years prove a happy augury for the future!

S.O.H. PLAYERS.

The dramatic activities of the Society of Old Hartleyans have been going on since 1924. In the spring of that year a few members consulted together, and after much debate decided to produce no less a play than *Milestones*. It was generally thought to be much too difficult, but they managed to overcome some of the difficulties, and to give their audience an enjoyable evening.

The play was successfully revived in the following autumn. Once started the Society was eager to continue, and it was unanimously decided that the choice of a play of high merit set a standard which must on no account be lowered. The next production was *Fanny's First Play*, and in spite of cold water from those who dislike or pretend to dislike Shaw, the performance was again a success. *Fanny's First Play* was followed by another daring venture, a quadruple bill which included *E and O'E*, by Crayshay-Williams; *The Torch of Time*, by Laurence Housman; and *Followers* and *Between the Soup and the Savoury*, by Gertrude Jennings, a decidedly mixed bill of fare.

In 1926 J. M. Barrie's *Dear Brutus* was attempted, and in spite of the elusive and fantastic elements in this author's work that make it rather a difficult problem for amateurs, a notable performance was achieved, and Press and public were both impressed with the rendering of Act II, which portrays the adventures of *Lob's* strange house-party in the mysterious wood.

In its next production, *Young Imeson*, by J. Gregson, the Society set itself a problem in tackling a play in dialect. It must be owned that the "Yorkshire" of some of the company left much to be desired, but producer and players comforted themselves with the reflection that most of the audience would be South Country folk, and so be not too sensitive to deficiencies in this direction. This little known play delighted those who saw it, and almost tempted the society to produce *T'Marsdens* by the same author this year, but it was decided to postpone the production of that play until a later occasion.

The productions of 1928 have been *Uncle Vanya*, by Tchegov, and *Trelawny of the Wells*, by Pinero. The policy of the Society is to give its audiences a good play, even if the acting is weak; a bad play added to bad acting they regard as unforgivable. The object of the venture is to present to the best of the abilities of the

performers plays of real merit which cannot often be seen at the commercial theatre. *Uncle Vanya* was perhaps the most interesting experiment. Its utterly un-English characters gave rise to interesting discussions during rehearsals, as to how they should be portrayed and as to the interpretation of their long speeches. The loss which a play of this kind suffers in translation was brought out again and again. *Uncle Vanya* does not "come all right in the end," and consequently some of those who saw it had a decided grievance against it; but the fact that it did not empty the house for *Trelawny* has given the society heart to carry on. *Trelawny* was certainly one of the most interesting plays attempted from the players' point of view, and it seemed also to make its appeal to the audience. The diversity of characters made the casting difficult, and the changes of scene gave plenty of work to the gallant little band behind the scenes.

And now for the future. There are endless fields to be explored, and we feel that having dared so far we can go on daring. We hope to produce plays by Pirandello, Sierra, Ibsen, Galsworthy, St. John Irvine, and numberless others, if we live long enough; and we trust that the public will be kind enough to overlook our shortcomings knowing that we are honestly trying to place before them plays of genuine artistic value.

STUDENTS' UNION, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON, 1927-28: A Retrospect.

"What," it may be asked, "is the purpose of a Students' Union, and what its relation to the life of a modern University?" In answer to the first part of this question, we would quote the opening section of the revised (1928) Constitution of the Students' Union of this College:

"The Society shall be called the Union Society of the University College, Southampton.

Its aims shall be:

- 1.—To promote the interests of all members of the Union.
- 2.—To provide opportunities for and to further social and intellectual intercourse."

In reply to the second part of the question, we would recall that traditionally students come up to the University to "read," generally for a degree, partly because in the words of a 17th Century writer, "their acquaintance with good books will (with God's blessing) be a means to sweeten their (otherwise) sour natures, that they may live comfortably towards themselves, and aimable converse with other persons." (Hoole. *New Discovery*, 1660). It is no mean thing to live comfortably towards oneself, and to converse aimably with other persons, and we believe that the Union, in so far as it furthers "social and intellectual intercourse," is an essential part of the modern University.

During the present session, work has made steady progress. Perhaps nothing very spectacular has been achieved, but useful and necessary work has been done, and we have been securing ourselves for further advance. A new Athletic Union has been set on its own feet, our own Constitution has been thoroughly revised, and our house generally put in order. Much time has been spent in committee, the sessions of the Students' Council have been prolonged, and the secretarial work has been heavy, yet students with the right combination of patience and hard work, are not found wanting, and for many of us the Union has been a school of citizenship, where we have learnt to take our share in the corporate life of the College and to continue and develop our traditions.

Council gave its final consent to the new Athletic Union on November 29th. The scheme is partly experimental, and is revisable at the end of three years. The students have shown that they are willing, even eager, to take upon themselves serious responsibilities and to manage their own affairs. We believe that the scheme will greatly benefit College athletics, and therefore the College generally, and we are especially fortunate in having the Registrar, Mr. Grant, as the Chairman of the new committee. We were sorry to lose Mr. Dudley, a staunch friend, and we are glad he has accepted the post of vice-chairman of the new committee. We are especially glad, too, that the President of the College, Mr. Montefiore, has consented to become the first President of the Athletic Union; Mr. Montefiore has always been a valued friend of the students, and we all appreciate his kindness and generosity.

It is generally agreed that the Inter-Varsity Debate, held on February 10th, was, from every point of view, the most successful function of its kind yet held at this University College. Delegates were present from Oxford, London, Reading, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bristol, Aberystwyth, Cardiff and Exeter. The motion, "That the Moral Character of the British People is Deteriorating," was proposed by Mr. C. Clowser, seconded by Miss H. Page. The opposition was led by Mr. Lloyd (Bristol), seconded by Miss McCaney (Bristol). The debate lasted for more than two hours, and came to an end too soon. The motion was lost by an overwhelming majority.

The Stage Society gave an excellent production of Milne's "Romantic Age" during the Winter Term. The acting was uniformly good, and it is to be hoped that when the Southampton Repertory Society comes into being the Stage Society of University College may be able to co-operate with it. The meetings of the Play Reading Club have been regular and much enjoyed. An outstanding event of the season was the production by the Choral and Orchestral Society of "H.M.S. Pinafore." Altogether four performances were given. Collections were made on behalf of the Appeal, and more than £60 was thereby contributed to the funds. All concerned in the production are to be congratulated on the skill and the high level of their work.

Students have taken an active part in the work of various academic societies such as the Geographical, Economics, Engineering, Science, and Biological Societies, Le Cercle, and the Southampton Branch of the English Association. They have also interested themselves in the League of Nations Union, the Scout Movement, and the Students' Christian Movement.

A number of eminent men and women have visited the College societies during the session. Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, Professor Laski, Dr. Vaughan Cornish, Dr. Maxwell Garnett, and Lady Clare Annesley have all drawn appreciative audiences.

Hospitality to foreign and overseas visitors is part of the Union's work. During the winter term a party of students from Hamburg was entertained. They came over to study the English educational system, and, by the kindness of Mr. F. L. Freeman, the local Education Secretary, and the respective Headmasters, visited various schools in the town. During the spring term we welcomed a party of four students, two men and two women, from Latvia and Esthonia. They were delightful guests, and although we kept them fully occupied during their short stay, taking them to Bournemouth and Winchester, we believe they spent a very enjoyable time with us. During the summer term we shall no doubt welcome a large number of American visitors. Special mention should be made of the good work of the hospitality secretary, Miss M. Kirby, and we tender our thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who have received our visitors into their homes. We believe that hospitality is one of the most valuable parts of our work, and we hope that the tradition which Southampton is building up in this respect will be continued and strengthened by those who come after. In the future it may be possible to found a "Hospitality Council" of local residents who are interested in this side

of our work, and would be willing to help us entertain our guests. A great port like Southampton offers us special opportunities and special privileges for hospitality to students from overseas.

The second annual "Rag" was held on March 3rd, 1928. Students and townspeople alike entered into the fun of the thing, the *Rag Bag* sold in thousands, and, as a result of the collections, we hope to hand over to the Hospital Authorities a cheque for at least £450 before this account appears in print. A "Rag," it may be noticed, is not the spontaneous explosion of the over-exuberance of youth. It has to be carefully planned if it is to be a success; the "Rag" committee met regularly each week from the beginning of the session. At the end of the Christmas term, a number of students decided to go carol-singing in the town, and their efforts resulted in a contribution of more than £20 to the local Children's Hospital.

The activity of the Union is a measure of the health of the student body, and we believe that as that body grows, in stature and in strength, so the work of the Union will be extended and confirmed.

Some Posts held by former Students of University College, Southampton.

(Apologies are offered for the inevitable incompleteness of this list.)

ENGINEERING.

Sir J. H. Butters, C.M.G., M.B.E.
Mr. R. Armstrong
Mr. R. C. Harvey, B.Sc.
Mr. L. S. Kingston
Mr. D. E. Coles
Mr. J. Howgego
Mr. H. C. Brazier

U.C.S.

1901-4 Chief Commissioner of Canberra.
1920-23 Travelling Inspector, Morris Motors, Ltd.
1922-24 Assistant Engineer, P.W.D., India.
1919-21 Asst. Engineer to Harbour Works, Nigeria.
1919-23 Representative, Waygood-Otis Engineering Co., Melbourne.
1919-22 Engineer, Tea Plantation, Ceylon.
1920-23 Inspector, Aircraft Dept., Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd.

CHEMICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. F. J. Smith, B.Sc., Ph.D.

1919-22

Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Municipal Technical School, Liverpool.

Mr. C. E. C. Nicholls, B.Sc.

1922-26

Chemist at British-American Tobacco Co., Southampton.

Mr. T. A. Simmons, B.Sc., F.I.C.

1906-9

Chemist, British Dyestuffs Corporation, Ltd., Huddersfield.

Mr. G. J. Vineall, B.Sc.,

1919-22

Chemist, Shell-Mex, Ltd., London.

Mr. A. Brandt, B.Sc.

1921-26

Chemist, British American Tobacco Co., London.

Mr. R. Bonner, B.Sc.

1919-23

Chemist, Pirelli-General Cable Works, Southampton.

Mr. D. E. Ladham, B.Sc.

1923-27

Chemist, Chemical Research Laboratory (Department of Scientific and Industrial Research), Teddington.

Mr. S. P. Harris, B.Sc.

1924-27

Asst. Chemist, The Government Laboratory, London.

Dr. C. K. Ingold, F.R.S.

1910-13

Professor of Organic Chemistry, University of Leeds.

Mr. H. J. Garrad, B.Sc.

1919-22

Chemist, Cordite Factory, Arwankada, Nilguis, S. India.

Mr. S. E. Harris, B.Sc.

1919-22

Chemist, Squibb Chemical Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. A. L. Read, B.Sc.

1919-21

Chemist, Enfield Cable Works, Middlesex.

Mr. P. Leaper, B.Sc.

1919-23

Research Chemist, Naugatuck Chemical Co., Naugatuck, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Mr. R. Watridge, B.Sc., F.I.C.

1919-22

Analytical Chemist to Asst. Borough Analyst, Southampton.

Mr. F. P. Hornby, B.Sc., F.I.C.

1919-22

Technical Chemist, United Dairies, London.

Mr. C. Chilvers, B.Sc., F.I.C.

1920-22

Technical Chemist, Anglo-American Oil Co., London.

Mr. G. Chignell, B.Sc., F.I.C.

1919-22

Technical Chemist, Beefex, Ltd., London.

Mr. R. J. Mann, B.Sc.

1919-21

Technical Chemist to Messrs. Read, Holliday & Co., Huddersfield.

Mr. W. P. Stubbings, B.Sc.

1914-17

Technical Chemist, British Dyestuffs Corporation.

Mr. G. Reeves, B.Sc.

1912-13

Technical Chemist, British Cellulose Co.

BOTANY.

- Mr. R. D. Gibbs, B. Sc. 1921-25 Demonstrator in Botany, McGill University, Canada.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

- Mr. L. A. Poore, B.A. 1925-28 Professor of English Language and Literature, Christian College, University of Madras.
 Mr. W. C. R. Hicks, B.A. 1919-21 Lecturer at University of Erlangen, Germany.
 Mr. E. J. Wright, B.A. 1922-26 Lecturer at University of Claremont-Ferrand, France.

GEOGRAPHY.

- Mr. S. W. Tiller, B.A. 1921-24 Lecturer at Saltley Training College, Birmingham.
 Mr. K. Edwards, B.A. 1922-26 Asst. Lecturer, University College, Nottingham.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL HEADMASTERS.

- Mr. M. V. Cavill, M.A. 1906-11 Headmaster, Hymers' College, Hull.
 Mr. F. J. Hemmings, B.Sc. 1904 Headmaster, Taunton's School, Southampton.
 Mr. P. T. Freeman, B.Sc. 1909-12 Headmaster, Peter Symonds' School, Winchester.
 Mr. J. A. Eden, B.A. 1906-08 Headmaster, Sebborn Street L.C.C. School, London.

Wessex Poetry Competition.

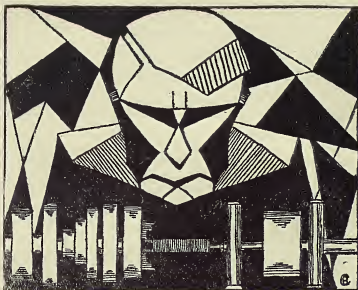
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